THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

The Oldest Literary and Family Paper in the United States. Founded A. D. 1821.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1879, in the Office of the Librarian of Congress.

Vol. LVIII. Publication Office, No. 725 Sansom St. **PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, MARCH 1, 1879.** $2.00 a Year in Advance. Five Cents a Copy. **No. 32.**

PICTURES IN THE FIRE.

BY MNEMOSYNE.

In the dreamy twilight,
  By the firelight's glow,
Thickly crowding fancies
  Swiftly come and go.
Sometimes dreams of future
  Fill my soul aspire:
But too soon they vanish,
  Pictures in the fire.

Sometimes memory traces,
  In the molten gold,
Dear familiar faces,
  Forms beloved of old.
Smiles that beam'd upon me,
  In childhood's happy day,
Glad me for a moment—
  Quickly fade away.

In the dreamy twilight
  Fairy visions play,
Fancies all too tender
  For the eye of day;
And their soft enchantments
  O'er my spirit fling—
Past and future blending
  In a mystic ring.

Beneath the Sea.

BY GEO. MANVILLE PENN.

CHAPTER XIX.—[CONTINUED.]

THE crew shrank away, some of the men, though, climbing the rigging to get a good view of the proceedings, and John Studwick being helped into a safe position in the main chains. Then one of the pieces of coarse beef was taken and jerked out half a dozen yards from the ship.

As it struck the water and began to sink, there was a rush and commotion, as dark grey forms and white streaks seemed to rise from below. The water bubbled and foamed, and the lump of beef was seized, torn asunder, and two huge sharks gorged the pieces, and then could be seen swimming backwards and forwards, and round and round, in company with others.

"Cut the next up into small bits, 'Pollo," said the captain, who was standing on the bulwarks, holding on by the main shrouds.

"Yes, sah—I cut um small, and easy for mass' shark 'gestion," said Pollo, grinning.

He cut the beef into pieces of the size of his fist, with the large cook's knife he wore in a sheath at his belt.

As he passed them up, the captain threw them to the hungry sharks, each piece being snapped up by one or the other, as the monsters, not disdaining such morsels, turned half over, and gorged each fragment as it fell.

No less than seven could now be counted, all evidently made more savage and eager by the taste of meat, and ready to leap out of the water as they glided one over the other in a space not many yards square, where the water was still impregnated with the odor and juices of the beef.

"That will do for them now," cried Mr. Parkley, mounting beside the captain, with the lump of beef bound round the can in his fingers, holding it in one hand, whilst with the other he took a good grip of one of the rattlins.

"Are you ready, Pugh?"

"Yes," was the reply.

"Is the wire all clear for a run?"

"Yes, perfectly. Stand back, man," cried Dutch, as the mulatto stood eagerly watching what was done.

"Then I shall throw it into the midst of them, and when I call "now," make the connection—not before."

"I understand," said Dutch.

"One moment," said the captain. "Will it endanger the ship?"

"No," said Mr. Parkley, "because it will be too far away, and too deep. It will rock her, of course."

"All right," said Captain Studwick, nodding his head.

And giving the beef a swing to and fro, Mr. Parkley launched it through the air, so that it fell with a heavy splash some fifty feet from the schooner, and began to sink rapidly.

There was a tremendous swirl in the clear water directly, as the sharks dashed at it, going over one another like dogs in their eagerness to be first, for this was a piece of fourteen or fifteen pounds weight.

The next moment they were tearing at it, but baffled somewhat by the strong wire binding, while it sank rapidly, and the thin copper wire, that had fallen on the smooth surface like a line of light, ran rapidly over the side.

"Now," cried Mr. Parkley, loudly.

As the word left his lips, Dutch applied the other end of the wire to the galvanic battery, an invisible spark darted along the thin copper to the case of dynamite; there was a dull rumble; the ship shivered as if struck by some heavy blow; a column of water rose in the air and sank back; and the schooner rolled from side to side, as a large wave lifted her, let her down, and then rushed onward over the rocks to the shore, running up the sands in a line of foam, and laving the trunks of the palms beyond the narrow strip.

The men clung to the bulwarks, looking startled, but seeing that the danger was over, they uttered a loud cheer; for as the water subsided the clear limpidity was gone—sand, blood, fragments of weed, and flesh, all combined to make it murky; and, what set the men off cheering again, there were the bodies of the seven sharks, four of them in ribbons, the other three apparently uninjured, but floating back downwards, quite dead, and with the foul fragments gliding slowly off with the hardly perceptible current.

"Well, I confess, Dutch, I should never have thought of that," exclaimed Mr. Parkley. "It was a good idea."

"So the men seem to think," said the captain, as a couple slipped down into the jolly boat, and, sculling it about, secured about a couple of dozen large fish that had also been killed by the dynamite. "But that was too near the schooner for safety; a shock or two like that would shake the masts out of her hull."

"It was more powerful than I expected," said Dutch. "We will fire the next from the boat, with a good length of wire, and the schooner must be fifty or a hundred yards away."

"But you will not fire another unless you are troubled with sharks?" queried the captain.

"I intend to fire a canister exactly beneath where we stand," said Dutch, "so as to sweep away the growth and sand and shingle that have been accumulating for the last two hundred years. One of those charges will do more in an instant than the men could do under water in a week."

He raised his eyes as he spoke, and found that the mulatto was listening intently to every word, but with his eyes half closed, and a bitter look upon his face.

By this time the water was fast growing clear, and the change beneath the schooner was remarkable.

The canister of dynamite must have sunk nearly to the bottom before it was exploded, and so great was the lateral sweep of the concussion, that the seaweed seemed to have been levelled down in one direction, like a plantation after the passage of a hurricane; and grim and stark stood up now a series of dark stumps, the relics of the timbers of the ill-fated Spanish galleon, if such it really proved to be. Some of these were black, and nearly level with the sand; some were worn to a point by the attrition of the current; but there plainly enough now could be traced out in timbers the shape of the vessel; but not for long, since the weed began once more to float into its normal position. But enough was known now, and Oakum took a fresh plug of tobacco as he said to Rasp—

"There, old un, your work's cut out for some time to come."

No time was lost. A couple of dynamite canisters were lowered down in the most suitable spots where the sand and weed seemed to be thickest, and Mr. Parkley held one thin coil of wire and Dutch another, and at opposite sides of the schooner the kedge hawsers were buoyed and shipped; and, as the vessel slowly went with the current, the wire was payed out till the schooner had swung right round, and was riding by the anchor from her bows, and eighty or ninety yards away from the sunken wreck. The wire was sufficiently long to render the use of the boat unnecessary, and all being ready, the battery was once more brought into use, the wires being connected, and this time the water surged up as from some volcanic eruption, a great wave ran towards the schooner, which rode over it easily, and it passed on towards the shore, washing right up again amongst the trees.

The men went to work with a will, getting ropes to the buoys, hauling upon them, and gradually working the schooner back, and mooring her in her old position; but it was a good hour later before the water was once more clear, and they gazed down upon quite a different scene from that of the morning.

So effective had been the force of the explosion, that sand, weeds, small rocks and shingles, had been completely swept away, and lay at a distance, while the interior of the old wreck seemed to have been scooped right out.

The most careful search with the eye, though, failed to show any traces of that which they sought, and as evening was now fast drawing on, any further investigations were left till the following day.

CHAPTER XXI.

A DISCOVERY.

SO far as they had been able to make out, there was no trace of inhabitants near the place where the schooner was moored; but the adventure was of so important a nature that Captain Studwick felt it his duty to keep the most careful watch; and he was not sorry that afternoon to yield to the pressing request of Mr. Wilson and the doctor to go on shore with their guns for a couple of hours' shooting.

"I consent," he said, "on condition that you are back here by nightfall, and that you take a couple of the men, well armed, with you."

This was agreed to, and the party of four was rowed ashore, Dutch and Mr. Parkley both declining to accompany them, on the score of fatigue; while, though John Studwick longed to be of the party, he felt that he was too weak, and watched them from the side, as the boat rowed through the sparkling water, landing the party on the golden sands.

As the boat was returning to the side, the longing to go on shore proved too strong for John Studwick, and he beckoned his sister to his side.

"Bessy," he said, "I must go and have an hour's walk under those shady trees, where the sand seems to be so smooth and soft."

Bessy started, partly at his saddened way of speaking, and partly that he, who seemed to hate the very idea of her being anywhere near Mr. Meldon, should propose to go ashore after him.

"You mean alone?" she said, quickly.

"Alone? No," he cried, petulantly. "I mean with you. Mrs. Pugh would like to go, too, perhaps."

"I will speak to father," she said, eager to please him in every way.

And she went forward to where Captain Studwick was chatting with Mr. Parkley and Dutch about the morrow's arrangements.

"John wishes to go ashore, father," she said, "to sit under the trees."

The captain stood thinking for a moment or two, and then, after a little hesitation he said,—

"Well, I see no harm. The men shall row you ashore, and stop there. Don't go out of sight; nor far from the boat. I don't think there can be any danger; and, poor fellow, he will soon want to be back."

By the time Bessy returned to her brother, the keen desire was growing blunted, and he felt ready to resent what he looked upon as his sister's eagerness to go ashore, where the young doctor had gone.

"The boat is waiting, John, dear," she said, holding out her hand. "You will go, too, Hester?"

Hester glanced towards Dutch, but he made no sign; and, yielding to Bessy's implied wish, she followed them to the boat, Oakum helping them down, and receiving his instructions from the captain as to keeping a sharp watch.

As the boat pushed off, the men just dipping their oars, and Oakum standing up and steering, for the distance was only about fifty yards, the captain turned quietly to the mate.

"Lower down the other boat quietly," he said, "and have the rest of the men ready to jump in, and row ashore at a moment's notice. Parkley, Mr. Pugh, I think it is better to be too particular than not particular enough, so we will get our revolvers and a rifle or two ready. Where's Mr. Pugh?"

"He went to the cabin directly," said Mr. Parkley.

And on their following him they found him loading his rifle, and saw the butt of his revolver sticking out of his breast.

"Actuated by the same thought," said the captain.

"Well, yes," said Dutch. "There may be no danger, either from beast or Indian, but it is as well to be on the safe side."

Taking rifles on deck, they went and leaned over the bulwarks, talking, to see the little party land, and Oakum help out the ladies, who walked slowly up with John Studwick towards the trees, while the sailors sat about close to the boat, or threw themselves down upon the sands.

"We seem to have been suspicious enough over this affair," said the captain, taking off his cap, so as to let the soft breeze that was now beginning to blow after the heat of the day fan his brown forehead. "I wonder what has become of the Cuban."

"Home by this time, I should say," replied Mr. Parkley.

While Dutch, with an uneasy feeling creeping over him, leaned there, rifle in hand, watching the shore.

"I had my suspicions at first," continued the captain, "and really hardly expected to get out here without some hindrance."

"What did you suspect?" said Mr. Parkley, lighting a cigar, and handing one to the captain, who lit up in turn.

"Anything—nothing. I had got it into my head that this fellow wanted to stop us, and I was prepared to be overhauled by a swift steamer; for a mutiny on board; to find him here first—there, it is always the way: once give your imagination its head, and away it goes."

"Well, nothing could have gone better than the trip has since we started, and if it should prove that there is treasure below us here, all we have to do is to dive and get it all."

"If the sharks will let you," said the captain.

"Well, at first I thought we were completely checkmated; but you saw what Pugh did to-day," he continued in a low tone. "It's my belief that if obstacles ten times as difficult offer themselves, he would surmount them."

They both glanced at Dutch, and then followed his eyes, to see that the ladies were gathering flowers, the men fruit and shellfish, and that all on shore looked so peaceful and lovely that the longing came upon them to join the little party.

"It is so easy to imagine danger," said the captain; and then, lulled by the peaceful aspect of matters into security, they went on talking in a low tone about the various incidents of the day, while Dutch kept stern watch alone.

CHAPTER XXII.

PERIL.

MEANWHILE, John Studwick's jealous fancies passed away as his feet touched the sand, and it was with a thrill of delight that he pointed towards the lovely tropic scene before him.

"Flowers, fruit, mossy carpet," he said, fervently, "Why, it is really Eden—a paradise! I could live here, I think."

There was an inexpressible sadness in his words, and Bessy's eyes filled with tears as she glanced at Hester, for she knew but too well that her brother's days were numbered.

Hester's heart was full to overflowing, and these words and her friend's sad look had touched the spring ready to gush forth. It was only by a great effort that she could keep from a hysterical fit of crying, and she was obliged to turn away.

John Studwick smiled lovingly upon his sister, though, directly after, for his heart smote him for many little harsh words directed at her in regard to Mr. Meldon; and he began to chat earnestly to her about the flowers, calling one of them to get down a cocoa-nut or two for them, and sitting down to watch the man make a gasket or band of twisted cane with almost boyish pleasure, Bessy's eyes brightening as she saw his eagerness, and remembering the bright happiness of that scene for years to come.

For the spot was lovely, and, in the shade of the densely-foliaged trees, the wondrous blossoms of gaily tinted bell-flowers hung in wreaths and garlands as they festooned the undergrowth and offered their nectary cups to the humming birds that flashed in and out of the sunshine, to poise themselves on invisible wings, while each moment some new object struck the eye.

It was, indeed, a scene of loveliness to the sick man and his sister, as they rose and wandered here and there, now gazing into beautiful green glades, now looking up at the delicate lacework of some wonderful tree-fern against the sky, or against the deep blue sea, with the schooner doubled before them, as it lay mirrored in its breast. But bright as it was to them, the beauteous scene was, as it were, covered with ashes to Hester Pugh. The sky might have been dark, and the sun's light quenched, even as was the light of hope in her breast. She had thought that Dutch would have listened to her before now, and that this dreadful cloud of suspicion would have been swept away; but no, he had let her come ashore without a word, as if careless of her fate; and at last, blind with the gathering tears, she had wandered slowly away unnoticed amongst the trees, as she thought, to find some place where she could relieve her bursting heart and throbbing brain of the tears she had kept back so long.

She sank down at last upon the trunk of a fallen tree, sobbing as if her heart would break, and, as her head sank down upon her hands, she moaned in the bitterness of her spirit.

All was silent for a time, and in her grief she did not hear the rustling amongst the trees, and it was not until her hands were taken and drawn gently from before her face that she looked up, to see, with the blood chilling in her veins, the mulatto upon his knees before her, gazing with glittering eyes full in hers.

She was too much surprised and frightened to cry out, but she tried to start up and flee. The effort was vain, though; for tightening his hold of her hands, he rested his arms upon her knees, and kept her a prisoner.

"Hush!" he said; "for your own sake, be silent."

"Let me go," she panted, hoarsely.

"No, no, beautiful Hester," he whispered, loudly, his voice low with passion. "Why do you pretend that you do not recognize me, when you know me so well?"

"How dare you?" she began, in a loud voice; when the glittering eyes fixed upon hers seemed to fascinate her, and her tongue refused its office.

"How dare I?" he laughed. "Because I love you more than ever the first day I saw you in that dark office in miserable, cold England. I loved you when, in those dear ecstatic days, I hung over you in your little home, when that jealous fool, your husband, interrupted our *tete-a-tetes* with his hateful presence; and now, in this nature's paradise, I love you more—more dearly than ever, even though I have lived these many weeks only to hear your sweet voice."

"Laurie!" she panted, with dilating eyes.

"Yes, Laurie—your Manuel, who loves you," he whispered, his face now transformed, and the dull, drooping look of the mulatto gone, to give place to the flashing eyes of the Cuban. "Pish! You have known me all along. You are the only one that my disguise could not deceive. I might have known that no darkened skin, no false scar, no assumed limp, or cunning disguise could deceive the woman I love, and who loves me."

Hester struggled once more to rise, but she was powerless in his grasp, and, in the horror she felt at the discovery of this man's presence, she could not cry for help. It was to her like some terrible nightmare—there were the voices on the sands, help was so near, and yet she could not claim it.

"I was afraid that you would betray me at first, dearest," he whispered, with his face close to hers, and his hot breath fanning her cheeks; "but I need not have feared, and I waited and suffered. There, do not struggle, little one, you are so safe with me. Have I not watched him, and his cold, brutal cruelty to you—the way he has neglected, scorned one who is to me all that is bright and beautiful, and for whose sake I have hacked and disguised myself, working with a set of coarse sailors, eating their wretched fare, sleeping in their miserable den. Hester, beautiful Hester, but you will reward me for all this. You will live with me here, in one of these beauteous sunny lands where all is bright, and where the very air breathes love."

"Let me go," she panted.

"No, no," he whispered, "you cannot be so cruel. Only a short time, now, and the object of my mission is over, and then—then—Oh, my darling, I love you—I love you."

He clasped her in his arms, and, in spite of her struggle, his lips sought hers, when the sound of approaching voices made him start up.

Hester's lips moved as though to shriek for help; but he laid his hand quickly on her mouth, and held her tightly to him, as he whispered—

"One word—say a word of what has passed, and Pugh, perhaps all your friends, will die."

She glanced at him and shuddered, as she saw his hand go into his breast, and read in his eyes too plainly so fell a purpose that she knew she dared not speak.

"Sit down," he whispered. "I shall be watching you from close at hand. If you betray me, it is some one's death signal. You are mine, Hester. You know I love you: but I would not force your love when I know that soon it must be mine."

He pressed her back into her seat, and glided into the low bushes, her eyes following till she saw him crouch, and knew that he had his gaze fixed upon her face, and read it, so that if she attempted to betray him he might keep his word.

The horror was more than she could bear; for this discovery taught her of the danger to Dutch, perhaps to all on board. Partly for his passion for her, then, partly to watch the proceedings of the adventurers, he had contrived to get on board, and was undiscovered. Here, then, was the secret of what she had looked upon as an insult from a half-savage sailor.

She let her pale face fall again into her hands, and sat there shivering, not daring even to answer, though she heard Bessy's voice close at hand.

What should she do? What should she do? She dared not speak now, but as soon as they were safe on board she would warn Dutch of his danger; and if the Cuban slew her, what then? She would have saved her dear husband's life.

But if he killed Dutch himself!

The thought paralyzed her, and a death-like perspiration broke out on her forehead, as she felt that she dared not speak lest ill should happen to him she loved. She essayed to rise, but sank back trembling, with her eyes fixed upon the spot where she knew the Cuban was hidden, when Bessy came in sight.

"Why, you've been crying, dear," she said, gaily, as she sat down beside her on the tree trunk. "Come, comes, dear, be a woman. All will come right if we wait."

"All will come right if we wait," muttered Hester to herself.

Would it? Ought she to wait and trust, or should she warn Dutch?

Yes, she would, she said to herself, as soon as they were on board; and, rising, she accompanied Bessy on to the beach, where the first person on whom her eyes lit was the Cuban, with drooping eyelids, limping slowly along with some shellfish in his hand, so changed once more that Hester asked herself whether this scene had indeed been the nightmare of some dream.

A shout came now from the schooner, and they moved towards the boat, for the sun was beginning to dip, when another shout from behind made them turn, to see Mr. Wilson, Mr. Meldon, and the two sailors coming from their expedition, laden with beautifully plumaged birds.

They were soon on board once more, Hester sick at heart, for the Cuban had contrived to whisper to her that one word, "Remember!" and she had shrank away shivering, feeling that she dared not speak. So great was this influence over her that she spent the evening in torture, feeling that his eyes were following her everywhere, that his face was at her cabin window, at the skylight; and she was in both instances right, for Laure felt that she might betray him at any moment, and his plans were not yet ripe.

He watched then, without intermission, with the intent of forcing her to swear some terrible oath that she would be silent; and this he felt that he could exact from her could he get the chance.

"I shall begin to think that you are going to have some relapse, Hester," said Bessy, at last, as they sat alone trying to read by the light in their little cabin; for John Studwick had gone to rest, and Bessy was sitting with Hester alone.

"Oh, no," she exclaimed, with a smile. "I am quite well."

"But you have been looking so strangely, and starting as you looked up at the skylight. Surely you have not caught some terrible fever through sitting in that bit of jungle?"

"Oh, no—I am quite well," said Hester, making an effort to control her feelings. "The heat, perhaps, makes me nervous."

"I know," said Bessy; "you are nervous about your husband going down to-morrow."

"Yes, yes, I am," cried Hester. "I always fear when I know of his taking the work in hand himself; and he is so venturesome."

"I wish he would be a little more kind. There, I'll say no more. Good night. He has the watch to-night on deck—the first watch."

"Has he?"

"Yes; and if he were my husband, I should go to him and ask him if this wicked estrangement was to last, because if so it should last forever; for I would never make another advance to him."

"Are you sure he has the watch to-night?"

"Yes," said Bessy, kissing her; and it's as dark as pitch on deck. Shall I go with you, dear?"

"No, no," whispered Hester, eagerly, as her heart began to throb. "Good night, good night."

"But where are you going?" said Bessy, playfully.

"I am going to speak to my husband," said Hester, whose face was as white as ashes, but her voice very firm, for the strength that she prayed for seemed to have come at last, and she felt that at any hazard she must go and tell Dutch of the impending danger to them both. For it was evident from the Cuban's words, as much as from his presence, that he had some deep design on hand, and perhaps she might be saving others as well as her husband by the step she was about to take.

But he had said that he would kill Dutch if she betrayed him, and her heart seemed to stand still at the horrible thought. But no—Dutch was so strong and brave, and he would seize this villian, and so secure safety to himself, perhaps to the ship as well, by taking rapid action.

"You had better let me go too," said Bessy, smiling.

"No, no," said Hester, shaking her head; "stop here. I shall be back almost directly."

"I am not so sure," said Bessy, laughing. "There, dear, all happiness come of your meeting. You will find him right forward, I think."

Hester took a step towards the door, and then realized how weak she was; for she trembled, and felt as if she would drop. But this was no time for hesitation, and she came back to say farewell.

"Put out the light, or turn it down. I do not want any one to see me go on deck."

Bessy smiled and turned down the lamp till it was almost out; and then, opening the door gently, and as she laid her hand upon the cold brass rail, the trembling fit again seized her, for her heart whispered that Laure would be watching her.

She recovered herself directly and ascended the cabin stairs, leaving the deep voices of the captain and the others talking behind her; and as she went on her courage seemed to increase, and, whispering to herself that it was to save him she loved, she stepped cautiously upon the deck.

All was perfectly silent, and the darkness was intense, save ashore, where the fireflies glanced and played in scintillations amongst the trees. She turned from them with a shudder, for it reminded her of the evening encounter; and, trying to make out where her husband was watching, she went cautiously on, for there was not a sound to be heard.

The distance was very short, but she had to go to the side so as to avoid the masts and deckhouse, beyond which she felt that Dutch would be standing, and she had already reached the mainmast, when she heard a slight cough, which she knew to have been uttered by Dutch.

"He will believe me and love me again," she said to herself, with her heart beginning to throb with joy, "and I shall save him from some dreadful death—save myself, too, from that wretch."

As these words were pronounced silently by her lips, a chill of horror and a curse made her cower shivering back, as something dark rose before her, an arm was passed tightly round her quivering form, and a damp, cold hand laid upon her mouth checked the shriek with which she was about to pierce the darkness of the night air.

CHAPTER XXIII.

THE SHADOW DARKENED.

In the horror of those moments Hester Pugh felt nerveless, and after the first spasmodic attempt to shriek there was no necessity for the hand pressed so tightly over her lips, as she was lifted by a strong arm and carried back a few paces, and then held firmly against the side of the bulwarks.

The next moment, as with staring eyes she gazed wildly about in search of help, her captor's lips were placed close to hers, and words that seemed to scorch her brain were hissed into her ear.

"Have I not warned you sufficiently? But for the intense love I bear you, this moment would be your last. One plunge, and it would be impossible to save you in this darkness, and no one would realize who did the deed. Do you wish me to make use of the knowledge I gained to-day with those dynamite experiments? because, listen, I have not looked on in vain. One touch of a wire—and that I have laid—and this ship, and all on board, would be in fragments. That would have happened if you had gone forward to night and betrayed me. Once more, listen: it is useless for you to fight against your fate, for I am not alone here; and when I cease watching you others take up the task. There. See, I release and trust you after what I have said."

He took his hand from the trembling woman's lips, but grasped her tightly still, lest she should sink down fainting.

"Now return quietly to your cabin," he continued, "and remember this. You think to save Dutch Pugh and the rest by betraying me. Instead of that you will send them to their death. Now go back without a sound."

Hester felt her arm released, and that she was free. Her first wild thought was to run forward shrieking for help, her next that Laure would keep his word; and, controlling herself, she tottered with outstretched hands back to the cabin stairs, and reached the little cabin where Bessy was already asleep, and then, sinking on her knees, prayed for help in this time of need.

That night of agony seemed as if it would never pass away, for Hester crouched there sleepless and watching, starting at every sound, and trembling lest the Cuban should be already putting some diabolical scheme in action. At length the day broke, and, quite exhausted, she sank into a troubled slumber, from which she woke affrighted, with the feeling upon her that Laure was bending down trying to read her face, and tell whether she was going to warn her husband or not.

A smile of relief crossed her lips, though, as she saw that it was Bessy Studwick; and she listened calmly to her chidings, but refused to go to bed.

"It was so foolish," said Bessy, "to sit there the night through. It is not the way to get strong."

From the noise on deck it was evident that preparations for diving were rapidly going on, and now another dread assailed Hester. She felt sure that Dutch would be one of the first to go down, and she shuddered as she thought of the sharks, and determined to make an effort to dissuade him.

She was on the point of going on deck, when Laure's words stayed her. She was watched, and if she tried to communicate with her husband, might he not interpret it as an attempt to betray him, and in an instant compass his destruction?

"If I only knew what to do!" she moaned. "If I could but warn him of the danger, they might seize that villian in time. I will warn him, at all hazards."

She was ready to die to save Dutch from peril, but she was so circumstanced that she sank back feeling at last that she could not betray what she knew.

For the moment she was reassured by hearing Dutch's voice, and directly after Bessy came to fetch her into the cabin to breakfast, where all save she were in high spirits, no one having a suspicion of the danger that threatened them. The talk was all of the treasures, and the specimen ingots that Laure had shown them were talked of; while to Hester's horror she found that the Cuban was apparently forgotten.

It soon became evident to her that all the preparations had been made, and she followed the actors in the busy scene, to come on deck as soon as the hurried meal was at an end.

Dutch had glanced at her once, and her heart throbbed with pleasure, as she read his look as one more of sorrow than anger; and this last determined her to speak to him at all hazards.

The air-pump was ready, with Rasp dictating and ordering the men about; and had Hester felt any hesitation before, the sight of Dutch drawing on the heavy india-rubber suit determined her to act.

"I don't think their teeth would go through this," he said, coolly, to Mr. Parkley, "if they come; but we'll do what we said, and that will keep them off."

He went on with his preparations; and twice over, as she saw him nearing readiness, Hester approached, but each time, on glancing round, she saw that the Cuban had his eyes fixed upon her, and she shrank away.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

A MINISTER in New Cumberland, Ohio, came near making a bad tangle of a wedding one night last week. The first bridesmaid and her escort entered the room, and the latter handed him the license. The minister, supposing that this was the couple to be joined, began the ceremony, and before the young people fairly knew what he was about came to the words, "I pronounce you." A physician hastily interrupted the proceedings. The bridesmaid fell in a swoon, and her escort remarked grimly that it was almost too close a shave to be pleasant.

Useful knowledge can have no enemies except the ignorant; it cherishes youth, delights the aged, is an ornament in prosperity, and yields comfort in adversity.

THE FIRST POCKET.

What is this tremendous noise?
What can be the matter?
Willie's coming up the stairs
With unusual clatter.
Now he bursts into the room,
Noisy as a rocket;
"Auntie, I am five years old—
And I've got a pocket!"

Eyes as round and bright as stars;
Cheeks like apples glowing;
Heart that this new treasure fills
Quite to overflowing.
"Jack may have his squeaking boots;
Kate may have her locket;
I've got something better yet—
I have got a pocket!"

All too fresh the joy to make
Emptiness a sorrow;
Little hand is plump enough
To fill it—till to-morrow.
And, e'er many days were o'er,
Strangest things did stock it;
Nothing ever came amiss
To this wondrous pocket.

Leather, marbles, bits of string,
Licorice-sticks and candy,
Stones, a ball, his pennies, too;
It was always handy.
And, when Willie's snug in bed,
Should you chance to knock it,
Sundry treasures rattle out
From this crowded pocket.

Pride and Principle.

BY M. A. D.

"SUSAN! Susan dear!"—"Coming Annie," responded a clear voice, at the head of the little staircase.

Presently Susan herself appeared. A slight young girl, eighteen summers or thereabouts, dark, with curling lip, black hair, fine features, a quick, proud tread. "What is it, Annie?"

"Horace says he will stay at home if you will take a walk with him this afternoon. It is a leisure day with him, for a wonder."

A flash, pleased and brilliant, broke over the dark face for a moment; the next she had resumed her wonted expression, as she exclaimed, "Why didn't Horace ask me himself?"

"I don't know," replied Annie, as she sat sewing. "You know he is rather bashful—rather timid about asking ladies to go with him."

"Timid!" said Susan, and the curl of the proud lip grew more decided—"I do hate timidity in a man!"

"Oh, well, you may have something worse to hate by-and-by." This was spoken with a kindling glance, as Annie raised her eyes and looked steadfastly at the young girl.

"You may have something worse, Susan Luke, especially if you encourage Roger Walters. I tell you he is a disgrace to his sex."

"And I tell you it is nobody's business whom I encourage!" The girl raised herself up to her full height on the instant, and her dilated eye and nostril told how little her pride would brook. "I am old enough to choose for myself," she continued, "and I won't have any one's attentions forced upon me. I am under no obligation, that I know of, to your immaculate brother, if I am to you."

She paused, struck dumb on the instant; for a young man—pale now—biting a white under-lip, stood at the opposite door, where he had entered just in time to hear the speech, and the sneer that ran through it. But he was gone as suddenly as he came, leaving Annie, his maiden sister, looking grieved and indignant, and Susan Luke pale, yet defiant.

"Susan Luke, you are a wicked, ungrateful girl!" This was all Annie said, but she trembled excessively.

"I know it," said Susan; "I've been told so long enough, but I shan't trouble you many months more, if I keep the same mind I have now."

"I suppose you are writing love-letters to Roger Walters." Annie gave her needle such a thrust that it broke in two, and with a half-impatient jerk she threw it out of the open window among the rose-bushes.

"Yes; I do just as I please in that respect," replied Susan Luke, coldly and calmly. "I'm going to the post-office now, and perhaps this very letter will be in the hands of Roger Walters this evening." She stood carelessly rapping the delicate envelope against her finger, while a smile of the utmost scorn sat on her lip.

"Susan Luke," said Annie, and she held her work down hard against her knee, as if she were trying to hold her anger down with it; "Susan Luke, I wish——" Her lips came resolutely together; she looked steadily at the young girl for full a minute; then tears seemed to gather in her eyes—they fell—the stitching was resumed in an earnest, impassioned manner.

"Oh, say it all," said Susan, tossing her head; "say that you wish you had never seen me—that you begrudge the food you have given me to eat, the clothes you have given me to wear—the shelter for my head—the books, the money you have spent for me—say it all. I most heartily wish I had never been beholden to you for the value of a pin. But, Heaven helping me, I will pay you for it in silver and gold some day; and I shall be able to do it—remember that!"

The doorway was empty. The bright, proud, handsome, yet wicked face had taken its strange light from the place.

The work dropped from Annie's fingers and fell to the floor. Her head dropped too, within her outspread palms, and she gave way to a burst of tears and sobs that shook her frame.

An hour had passed when a step was heard in the kitchen. She called out, "Who's there?"

"It's I," was the reply.

Annie knew her brother's voice, although its richness and its calmness were gone, and it sounded strangely hoarse, "Come in here, Horace."

After a moment's more irresolute walking and fumbling about, he came into the sitting-room, and going to the usual place, hung his hat up and returned. He walked once or twice across the room, moving his lips, constantly wetting them, as if they were dry and feverish; he then threw himself upon the sofa face downward.

"Horace, dear Horace!" Annie was beside him, throwing back the hair from his hot forehead, that was resting now in his hands.

"Heaven give you comfort!" And then she added, as a few tears fell, which he did not see, "May this trial lead you there for comfort and for peace!"

"Annie," he said,—this was after they had sat a long while in this position—"do you think she loves Roger Walters?"

"I am afraid so, dear," she replied.

"The villian!" he exclaimed, as his frame shook with emotion. "Annie, it would hardly be a sin to rid the world of such a scoundrel."

"But she almost deserves to suffer."

"Don't say any thing harsh of her, Annie," responded Horace, a momentary tenderness restoring to his voice its natural tone. "Don't say the least thing harsh of Susan. I couldn't, even if she trampled on me. It is my nature, you know, with those I love, and yet"—he raised himself up proudly—"I am a man, as I will show you by the way I conquer myself." And though his lips were still dry and feverish, and his walk restless, yet there was that in his face that told he would make good his words.

"Yes, Horace, I believe you," replied Annie; "but I am speaking of her conduct towards myself. Only think, she was a helpless baby only two years old when her mother died. Ever since then, she has as it were lain in my bosom. I have been like a mother to her, and she repaid me for it all by her love and obedience, till she knew Roger Walters' sister. That girl has turned her head—ruined her, I fear, for so suddenly has she changed and become so ungrateful. Oh, Horace, I believe the iron enters into my soul almost as deeply as it does into yours—"

"Don't, don't!" cried Horace, in a voice of anguish.

"Well, I won't then," replied Annie, suddenly becoming conscious of her imprudence. "I didn't mean to wound you."

Horace grew calmer, and walked out till evening and he was quite calm when he came in again. He looked less like himself, however. There was a blue rim around his eyes, and a whiteness about the lips that was very unusual. As for poor Annie, her eyes were all the time turned from him. At bed time he said he would sit up and lock the door when Susan came. He said it calmly, so she left him there reading, and went to her own chamber to pray for him. Ten and eleven tinkled from the little clock in the kitchen. It was later than that when the latch of the gate was lifted. The lamp had been some time extinguished—the moon shone so gloriously! There was a rustling along by the rosebushes, and soft murmurs, the words of which Horace could not but hear—whispered vows. Yes, it was certain now—she had promised to marry him! Horace sat still, icy cold. He even heard the goodnight kiss. No wonder after Susan Luke had entered the kitchen, lighted her own candle, and stepped over the threshold to go to her room, she started and stood paralysed at the sight of that deadly pale face with drops of anguish on the white forehead, those beautiful eyes strained, with only a look reproaching her.

"Horace!" she said, in a startled way.

"Susan Luke!" he exclaimed, and all his love leaped into his face, making it for a moment glorious, for the girl looked very beautiful as she stood there in the dimness of the room, only the pale rays of the candle falling around her. Suddenly she saw in that face what she had never seen before. A pang of great fear shot into her heart. In that little moment, in that midnight glance, she felt that she loved the man before her; and taking this new terrible consciousness with her, she went to her chamber—almost fled thither.

Annie closed not her eyes that night, and if Susan Luke fell into an uneasy slumber, she was awakened every little while by the measured tread below. She dared not think—all power was merged in the faculty of feeling now—from henceforth she was to pay the penalty of her fickleness; for she was proud, and her hand was pledged—pledged to one who knew no mercy.

* * * * *

For Horace the last bitter drop was drained. Susan Luke was a wife, but not his wife. When he knew that she was going to be married very soon, he went to the sea side for a few weeks with his sister; for Susan Luke had fallen out dreadfully with the quiet Annie. Both parties worked themselves into a rage, but surely the grieved sister had the greatest cause. So Susan Luke went to live with a relation, till the solemn words which made her the wife of Roger Walters were spoken. Horace was unmanned for a time after he knew of it.

"I would give her up willingly," he said; "Heaven knows how willingly, if she had married an honest man—if by marrying him her happiness were to be enhanced. But to think, to know that she has linked her life to an unprincipled man is almost too much to bear."

He knew not how terribly he was avenged for his slighted love. He knew not that Susan would have given worlds could she have been free again, or had she but the power to break the bonds of her pride, and come to him praying but for a tithe of his former favor.

What more could a young bride wish for? Roger Walters was rich; that is, his father was; and eventually all the fine Walters' property would come to him. His father had given his son a handsomely furnished house for a wedding gift, not saying a word, as wealthy fathers so often do, because the bride was portionless.

So the world asked, with its self-satisfied smirk, "What more could a young bride wish for?"

She had been married six months, when passing by the housekeeper's room one day, she heard the servants, as she thought, in a loud and angry altercation.

Stopping at the door she looked in, but saw no one. The sounds were in the passage leading to the kitchen, but she could hear them distinctly—could hear a very low, very calm voice say, "I must and I will see Mrs. Walters to-day!"

"Mary, who is it?" asked her mistress.

"Oh, ma'am," said the girl, running to the room door, with flushed cheeks, "'tis nothing but a miserable creature, such as you should not see, coming with her lies. Mr. Walters I am sure wouldn't like it——" But before she could finish, a young and girlish creature had followed the maid, and now stood with trembling lip and downcast eye before the wife of the young lawyer.

"What do you want?" asked Susan, nervously.

"To see you alone, Mrs. Walters," said the young woman, firmly but modestly.

Something in her manner, in her face, in the burden she carried, would not let Susan refuse her request, and beckoning mutely she led the way to her own room, and motioned the girl to a seat.

"I have brought you his child," said the young creature, tenderly, and with trembling fingers unfolding the thin muslin in which the babe lay wrapped.

"His child! whose?" asked Susan, with flushing cheeks.

"Mr. Walters, my husband!" said the low, steady voice. "Two years ago, when Roger Walters was studying for the law, we were married, contrary to the wishes of my parents. He afterwards deserted me, and I have reaped the bitter fruit of my disobedience."

* * * * * *

It was a cold winter's night one year after the above. Bitterly the wind blew, the snow came swiftly down; there were cheery fires all over the land, and happy hearth-stones.

In Annie's sitting-room sat Horace.

A blast of cold wind blew through the room. The door opened, and Annie wrapped in shawls and furs entered.

"Why, sister, I meant to have called for you," exclaimed Horace, the painful abstracted look fading out. "I'm ashamed of myself that I forgot."

But Annie did not answer, only to say with her heart in her face, "Poor Susan, she is in very deep trouble."

"They have found her then?" said Horace.

"Yes, they have found her!" replied his sister. "Poor child! she has been all this time resident at a farmhouse. At last she became sick. Her babe is dead. My poor girl! I find that I love her still, Horace."

"Do you suppose that she has been there for these two years ever since her marriage was set aside?" asked Horace, anxiously.

"I suppose so," she replied, and again there was another pause.

How the wind blew! how the casements rattled!

"I must go there to-morrow," said Annie, untying her bonnet-strings.

"I would," said Horace; his voice was low, but quite calm.

Another longer pause.

"Horace," said his sister, "we must have her here; we must have the poor child back again!"

* * * * * *

"Oh, Annie! Annie!" and the poor thin arms were thrown closely about the neck that had felt their embrace so often.

"Cheer up, darling!" sobbed Annie. "Cheer up; you shall be my own Susan again. Your room is already waiting for you. Oh, it will be so nice to have you there!" and down fell the tears again. "Susan, you are handsomer than ever, I declare, in spite of your pale cheeks. But we'll soon bring the color again."

"We!" thought Susan, sadly—"he despises me now—perhaps he has forgotten me."

"Why! I declare—yes, it is Horace, come himself," said Annie. "He told me yesterday he would send; but he has business somewhere about here, and has brought the chaise with him, as the rail does not go near the house he is building."

Oh, love forgives much, forgets everything but—love.

And so Susan Luke was established in her old, her sweetest home—a changed and humble woman. Sorrow had refined her, thrown an ethereal loveliness over her—the chastening had been accepted in defiance, but it had wrought a beautiful work. Susan Luke was now worthy of the manly love she had once rejected.

Horace is well known for his genius in mechanics, which has brought him fortune and position—and Susan has long been his wife.

Roger Walters is now an exile, "despised and rejected of men." He has chosen his course, and it leads down to death.

THE GREAT COMPOSERS.

COMPOSERS differ as much as authors in their manner of working. M. Gounod is one of those whom composition throws into a very fever and who can bear no interruption or domestic sounds about them while they sit at the piano thumping the keyboard with one hand and noting down the score with the other. Poor Madame Gounod once drove him wild by coming in to ask him for her thimble while he was endeavoring to link two phrases of an aria. Meyerbeer used to compose methodically, sitting down to his piano as a business man to his desk and never showing the least irritation, if called away from a work, which he seemed able to take up and drop with the utmost ease. Rossini composed best lying on his back in bed; and if once he was in the vein he would lie abed all day, humming his airs to himself until he had learned them by heart and scoring down a whole act at a time after he had hummed and re-hummed it to his satisfaction. His musical memory was prodigious, but his voice was so untuneful that once an Italian inn keeper in whose house he once hummed for three whole days at a stretch, ran up to beg him that he would desist, for that his "noise" could be heard through the open window and disturbed some English tourists dining down stairs. Auber, up to an advanced age, used to derive musical inspiration from a glass or two of champagne, and Wagner can only compose with the assistance of suits of satin clothes of divers colors, which he dons or puts off according to the style of the thing at which he is working. For instance, when spinning off a pastoral duet he will array himself in primrose satin; when he comes to a martial chorus, quick he bolts off to his dressing-room to don a pair of scarlet satin pantaloons with tunic and cap to match. These delightful antics were made known to the public through the very distressing circumstance that the author of the "Tannhauser" was sued by his milliner for the cost of his composing vestments, and was made to pay an extremely long bill. Among those whom we may call minor composers, M. Lecocq is the most happily endowed, for he can forge solos and choruses anywhere and at any time—in trains, in a hot bath, on top of a 'bus in the rain, or in a dentist's drawing room while waiting to have a tooth drawn. M. Vasseur who is an organist by profession, contrives his liveliest melodies by allowing his fingers to run wild over the keys of his large organ, and he is a fertile workman. M. Offenbach, on the contrary, though he has composed so much is only prolific during the springtime of the year and while residing by the seaside. If he rises to compose elsewhere and at other times of the year his works are worth little, according to his own testimony.

THE ORIGIN OF ANTIMONY.—The origin of the use of anti-moine or antimony is a remarkable circumstance. Basil Valentin, superior of a college of religionists, having observed that this mineral fattened the pigs imagined that it would produce the same effect on the holy brotherhood. But the [illegible] was seriously different; the unfortunate fathers, who greedily made use of it, died in a short time, and this is the origin of its name according to the pure French word. In spite of this unfortunate beginning, Paracelsus resolved to bring this mineral into practice and by mixing it with other preparations made it useful.

DEAN STANLEY recently entertained a large number of Westminster workingmen in the old abbot dining hall of the Abbey. It was in that hall, the Dean told them, that the widow of Edward IV. took refuge, with her two children, against the plots of the Duke of Gloucester. The tables at which they dined were of Spanish chestnut, from the wreck of the Armada, and were given by Queen Elizabeth.

A DIFFERENCE.

F. W. BOURDILLON.

Sweeter than voices in the scented hay,
Or laughing children, gleaning years that stray,
Or Christmas songs, that shake the snows above,
Is the first cuckoo, when he comes with love.

Sadder than birds on sunless summer eves,
Or drip of rain drops on the fallen leaves,
Or wail of wintry waves on frozen shore,
Is spring that comes, but brings us love no more.

PENKIVEL;

—OR—

The Mystery of St. Eglon.

It was the next day it happened. Father came rushing up the garden with a wild, white face, and clutched me by the arm, trying to put his shaking lips together to speak, then falling—then trying again, and forcing the words in a hoarse whisper.

"Tom is dead—drowned. Prepare her for the shock. They are bringing him home. I hear the feet of the bearers."

With that he rushed away again breathless, while I uttered a shriek that went up to the blue sky. When I turned, Madeline was by my side.

"What is it?" she said, in a frightful whisper. "Who is dead."

My face told her; and as I saw hers slowly whitening I fell senseless.

When I awoke, it seemed a dream, and I could not weep for a long, long time.

Oh Tom, my dear, good, kind brother, may God bless you for all your love—the love that went out so freely from your generous heart to all who needed it—to the poor, the sorrowful, and the sinful. Oh Heaven! what a sad world it is, where the just perish, and the wicked flourish!

I think I was ill for a week or longer, and quite wandering in my mind. I remember I heard the doctor say it would be good to make me shed tears. Then Madeline came to my bedside in widow's weeds. She looked like a woman frantic with grief—her face snow-white, her eyes fierce and dry—and leaning over me she whispered "Alice! Alice! why are you so hard? Have you no tears to give your brother? Oh Alice, I never loved him as I ought. I never loved him with all my heart till now—now that he is dead, and I have rained down unheeded tears and kisses on his cold face.

Her burst of grief appalled me, but it did not make me weep. Then some one standing by told me the story slowly—how Lord Crehylls's servant was in a boat on the bay with his master's child and little Alfred; and father and Tom, in another boat near by, saw him shift the sail unskilfully; and in a moment all were in the water. Instantly Tom plunged into the sea, and saved his little brother, then diving, he clutched the other child, but as he lifted him the drowning servant seized him by the arm, and all three sank to rise no more.

"You hear this, Alice," said Madeline "he died striving to save the boy Crehylls They have not found the child's body, but they have brought my husband home, and I have buried him. And the night before—only the night before—I promised him I would be happier, and love him better."

She cast her arms about me passionately, and my tears gushed forth at last. As I grew better, I missed little Alfred's merry voice, and asked for him.

"Do you think I could bear the sight of his face?" said Madeline; "I have sent him away for a while, till I can endure to see him, and yet remember how Tom died."

Shortly after this, I found Alfred was in my father's hands, and when I wrote for him, I had a surly letter, refusing to give him up. "The child is mine," he wrote; "and I shall keep him. You have no right to him, nor Madeline either. So let me hear no complaints, because an affectionate parent is resolved to take care of his own son."

I was full of anger and wonder, but the wonder ceased when I heard of Tom's will. In it he left all his property to little Alfred, on condition that he took the name of Singleton. He appointed Madeline his guardian, and said that, by her own request, she being already rich, he bequeathed her no legacy except this infant brother, whom he implored her to love for his sake. To me he left two thousand pounds, saying Madeline had promised to make me her especial care. This was his will, and it accounted to me fully for father's new affection for his boy. I looked to Madeline, as his guardian, to do her duty, and save the child from his evil hands, but to my surprise and horror she refused, declaring no one was so fitting as a father to have his son. Upon this I quarreled with her, and strove to find the poor child myself. I failed in every effort, and soon discovered that father had gone away with him, none knew whither. During my search, I went to see Lord Crehylls. His mind was quite shaken by his loss, his wits seemed nearly gone; they wandered each moment to some dim time and event, of which I knew nothing. One instant he told me to thank my brother for striving to save his child, the the next he would remember he was drowned and beg my pardon pitifully. As for himself, he was an unfortunate man, he said, suffering for a rash deed done in youth, but he hoped soon to be at rest.

"The day," he murmured, "is nearly over—that short day of mistakes, errors, and remorse, which we call life."

He seemed a weak man—indolent, unready, infirm of purpose; but my heart bled for him, and I wished him farewell, with tears.

Angry with Madeline's cruelty to Alfred I quitted her, and went for two years to a convent school. When I emerged into the world again, I heard that she was famous. A great singer, a great actress, her restless heart had at length found the fame and the adulation it ever craved.

This is all I have to tell, except that I have never seen father or my brother Alfred since the time Alfred was drowned at Naples.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

THE heat in London was intense—the pavements were scorching—the roofs glaring in the sun; but in one house, near the park, a gentle breeze fluttered pleasantly; the venetians of the drawing-room were lowered over open windows and balconies filled with flowers; the polished floors, the white curtains, the soft green of the many-hued foliage in the conservatory beyond, all seemed redolent of coolness.

On a couch, placed beneath the roof of shining leaves, with a pillar on either side, covered with twining plants, framing her like a picture, Madeline Singleton lay sleeping. The deep violet of the robe she wore made the fairness of her face seemed wonderful, while the repose breathed around her gave to her transcendent beauty the quiet and peace it lacked when waking. As she slept, Alice Rathline crept softly in, and stood by her, irresolute. But, quiet as her step had been, Madeline awoke at the sound, and looked up, languidly.

"Why wake me, Alice?" she said, wearily. "It is such a comfort to sleep and forget."

"I did not want to wake you," said Alice; "but here is one of your dark lanterns come; and I thought you would be vexed if we sent him off."

"Who is he?" asked Madeline, leaning on her elbow. "Is it your father?"

"No—he is older and uglier than father, and seemingly not so easy in his mind," returned Alice. "Father's conscience, you know, is a charm to him; he is sweetly at peace always."

"Tell them to send the man up here, Alice; and you need not stay, my dear," said Madeline, half smiling, as she looked in her sister-in-law's face.

"Your secrets are nothing to me," returned Alice, bluntly, "except when they relate to my brother Alfred. If the Guy Faux waiting for you now was father, I'd manage to listen somehow to your talk; but as it is, I shan't trouble myself."

With this she walked stiffly from the room, and there entered in another moment a haggard man, who had evidently once been handsome, but whose aspect now was so feverish and wolfish, that the beauty of his features had grown into hard, rigid lines, and his form was so wonderfully spare that he looked as if the gnawings of his spirit had eaten the flesh from his bones, and left him a skeleton, merely that he might have the benefit of his teeth and talons to claw and bite with.

As this individual stood for an instant at the door, he took in with one keen, hawk like glance all the graceful luxury of the room, the flowers, the statues, the work of art, the costly furniture and draperies of lace, and last of all his piercing gaze fell on the weary, beautiful figure, lying on the couch, framed by the glossy leaves which trailed from pillar and roof.

"Do I speak to Mrs. Singleton?" he said, in doubt. "My name is Whalley. I am the schoolmaster with whom——"

"I hope the child is well," interrupted Madeline, eagerly.

This question brought a sharp look to Mr. Whalley's sharp face.

"Is he not with you?" he said, uneasily.

"With me? No!" she cried; and starting from her indolence, she seemed suddenly imbued with a new and passionate life.

"Then I grieve to say your ward has left my house," returned the school-master.

"Left! Who took him? Who has dared take him from your care?" she said, in a trembling voice.

Mr. Whalley's lips twitched nervously, as he answered, "No one, madam; the boy has run away, and I naturally supposed he would come to you."

As Madeline listened to this, she seemed to feel the tidings in every pulse, her lips parted, and her eyes grew fierce and angry.

"You are mad to tell me this," she said. "I gave the boy into your care; I look to you to find him."

"If you don't know where to seek him, I don't," returned Mr. Whalley, in a hard tone.

"You are the person responsible for the child's flight," retorted Madeline. "I shall require him at your hand You have treated him unkindly, I presume."

Mr. Whalley seemed speechless with rage at this; he grew to a white heat, and held himself down in his chair with both hands. When his unhappy pupils saw him thus, they had reason to tremble, but Madeline only regarded him with quiet contempt.

"If I have been severe," said he, "the fault is your own, Mrs. Singleton. You desired his father to tell me the boy was unruly and inflated with pride."

"Did I tell you to torture him in despair and flight?" retorted Madeline. "I wonder, sir, you can dare come here, and tell me that, to escape your cruelty, the child has flung himself on the world."

"The cruelty was yours," replied the irate Mr. Whalley. "What do you mean, ma'am, by driving the boy to desperation, and then flinging the blame on me? I won't have my school—my respectable school—ruined by such a woman as you—an actress, a singer, who——"

"Stop," said Mrs. Singleton, holding up her small white hand. "Take care what you say to me. I am not a woman to bear an insult patiently; and I don't want to crush you. I know exactly what your respectability is worth; I know that everything around you is false and hollow indeed."

Mr. Whalley gazed at her in dismay, wondering perhaps why he could not frighten this woman as he had frightened other women.

"I meant to observe," he said, faltering in his tone, "that your last letter had a great effect on the boy's mind. You spoke of being poor, and declared your determination to bind him apprentice to some low trade. In my opinion, that letter made the child resolve on flight. As to being poor, you certainly have no appearance of it," he added, his light gray eyes wandering superciliously round the room.

"I have a right to luxury while my voice lasts," replied Madeline, a little bitterly. "When that leaves me, the world will let me die in a garret. For the rest, I do not believe a word you say. See here—look at these letters—one is from your powerful neighbor, the Earl of D——; the other from your more powerful landlord, the Earl of F——; and both ask me in what way they can render me a service. Shall I tell them to crush Mr. Whalley, the country schoolmaster?—surely you are almost too easy a prey for such foes—or shall I expose the secrets of your school to the press, and make the papers ring with your cruel name."

As Mr. Whalley listened to these rapid words, his haggard face grew livid, and he shrank suddenly into a shivering, abject coward.

"I trust you understand at last," she said, "that I have power to fulfil a threat. And now, perhaps, comprehending your position better, you will deem it wise to confess what bribe you have accepted, and to whom you have sold my ward, Alfred Singleton?"

Her words relieved the schoolmaster of his worst fears; he stood upright again.

"I have not sold him," he answered. "Whom should I find to pay me better than you do?"

His tone, and the terror in his looks, convinced Madeline of his truth.

"Certainly no one," she said more softly. "Let me know, sir, what measures you have taken to recover the boy."

"Madam," returned the cowed Mr. Whalley, "I rely on your kindness to believe I have had recourse to every means in my power; and after searching far and near in vain, I felt assured he had come hither. Then I took coach and followed, hoping certainly to find him with you."

"He will not come to me," said Madeline, in a low voice. "Have you searched for him on the Cornish—I mean, the Plymouth road?"

"Has he friends there?" asked Mr. Whalley.

"He has friends nowhere," responded Madeline. "Nevertheless, I believed he has followed that road. Mr. Whalley, he must, he shall be found. I would rather lose my right arm than lose that boy. Go back to the West at once; and search for him in the towns and villages bordering the road to Crehylls; and if you do not find him, go straight to the Castle and ask for him there."

"Ask Lord Crehylls for him!" exclaimed Mr. Whalley.

"Yes," said Madeline; "I have often talked to him of the Castle, and the tales I told, struck his childish imagination. For what sum shall I draw you a check, Mr. Whalley?"

The sharp, cunning face of the pedagogue brightened at these words, and his eyes glistened greedily. He began to talk of inn bills and coach fares, but Madeline cut him short.

"Understand, the child must be found," she said—"never mind at what cost. Name a sum that will find him—that is all I ask."

Mr. Whalley named a hundred pounds, and pocketed the money with satisfaction lurking at the corners of his thin mouth. As he took the check, Madeline glanced at his hands with a shudder. They were peculiar hands,—grasping, covetous, avaricious hands—the fingers long and supple, with flattened tips, wonderfully cruel-looking.

"Pray spend no more than this sum, Mr. Whalley, if you can help it," she said with a covert scorn. "My riches are more seeming than real. A cough makes me a bankrupt, and without my voice, I am a beggar. Remember also that in future I expect you to render it impossible for my ward to leave your roof."

"This—this happened in the vacation," faltered Mr. Whalley, "and one cannot be always a jailor; but depend on it, in the time to come——"

"Very well," interrupted Madeline. "the chief point now is to find the fugitive. And when you put your hand on him write to me if any difficulty should arise relative to his return to your house."

"What difficulty can arise," asked the schoolmaster, with a cruel gleam in his light eyes. "Resistance in a child is nothing."

"But the people with whom he has taken refuge may object to his returning," she replied. "If so, I will go myself and fetch him, or I will send his father. I would accompany you at once, Mr. Whalley, but I am only a slave. My engagements must be fulfilled; I must sing, let my feelings be ever so bitter."

"Madam your anxiety shall soon be allayed," said Mr. Whalley, rising to depart. "I will send you good news shortly."

"Write to me from Castle Crehylls," she answered. "You will have nothing to tell till you get there."

Mr. Whalley would have held out his hand to her on taking leave, but he checked the movement as he looked upon her ivory face, so strangely bitter, so full of horror, repugnance, and pain; and as the door closed, she fell listlessly on the couch, and shut out the light from her eyes with both hands.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

THE sunshine lay glittering on southern slopes, mingled with sharp shadows, clear as cut steel, while the woods, unshaken by a breath of wind, stood as motionless as though a fairy, with sudden wand, had struck them into an enchanted sleep. Unclouded by a fleecy speck, the sky deep blue, hung high above the seething landscape, and hazily blending with its sapphire vales, loomed the great hills purplish and mystic. Nearer to the eye rose tall single trees, drooping with heat, sun sentinels, every limb and leaf sharply defined against the quiet air, their shadows lying crisp upon the shining green. Beneath these fainting cattle stretched themselves uneasily, with a weary look of pain in their patient eyes. And down in the dells, panting sheep sought the small shelter that the shade of a hedge could give, as like a ribbon long drawn out, it rested on the sward—a narrow strip of gray. Silently the tired mowers plied their scythes, with thirst upon their lips, and in the lanes, where drooping roses shed their leaves upon the dust, heavily laden wagons creaking home, shaking on the sultry air the scent of fragrant hay The primroses were dead, and the violets slept, but upon every hedge the honeysuckle clustered, a very wilderness of sweets, and the columbine hung its purple crown, amid peeping periwinkle and trailing morning-glories. Such a wealth of perfume, such a wealth of odor, of fragrant hay. The primroses were dead, and the violets slept, but upon every hedge the honeysuckle clustered a very wilderness of sweets, and the columbine hung its purple crown amid peeping periwinkle and trailing morning-glories. Such a wealth of perfume, such a wealth of odor, all spread silently beneath the summer sun as in the fierceness of his strength he mounted the ambient sky.

Oh the long, long day—how slowly it sank to the wane! And as the languid hours crept wearily on, a child watched the shadows lengthen, with wistful eyes fixed on Crehylls. With apatient perseverence characteristic of his nature, he sat over against the mansion, waiting, hoping, longing, wearying for the great doors to open, dreaming he should see issue forth, coming towards him with kindly smile, the graceful lady who had pitied him in the churchyard of Penkival.

What a strange picture the little forlorn figure made, seated on that secluded hillock in the park, watching with big tearful eyes the glaring castle, seeing it change from glistening white to gray; seeing here and there a sign of dainty life about its stately shadow; but never, never seeing the presence for which he longed.

"Will she never come?" he said; and tears, long repressed, fell down fast on the pale, pinched cheeks of the little wanderer. Then he brushed them away and watched again, renewing the fainting hope in his childish heart with whispered words of comfort and thoughts of ancient stories of little children like himself, who had been brave and patient, and through constancy had won to fortune. He thought of Whittington sitting on the stone by the wayside hungry and faint, wondering where he should lay his head.

"But I'll never turn back like Whittington," he said; and forthwith his large wistful eyes, gathering brightness from the resolve within him, glanced upwards to the sky, smiling with hope and prayer.

Once or twice he opened the tiny bundle, which he kept so carefully by his side, and took thence a piece of bread, which some kind heart had given him the day before, as his small feet trailed wearily on the dusty way. This was all the food he had; but he had drank often of the brook that ran close by, babbling to him as he went, such strange and beautiful dreams of the unknown world, that jaded men and heartless women, could they have read them, as they rose before those pure fresh eyes, would have turned away their heads in shame, and wept in bitterness.

The day was long, but perhaps to him the sun's strength was tempered, and the sultry hours passed softly over the small bowed head that in such patience watched their flight.

But ah! it was hard to see the sun go down and yet catch no glimpse of the kind face for which he had waited with such wondrous steadfastness through the long, long summer day. So as the shadows grew thick about him, creeping darkly to his feet like dim ghosts of dead Crehylls, his spirits sank, his grief, his loneliness, his terrors came crowding on his heart at once, and with sobs and tears he fell on his knees to pray. In his childish anguish the words dropped from his lips aloud—"Lord have mercy on me! I am only a little child. I have waited and trusted all the day. Bring me to the dear, kind lady—let me see her face. Give me food and shelter. I am afraid of this loneliness. I am afraid to sleep upon the ground again. Help me, dear Lord! help a little child, who has no home."

As his simple prayer ceased, a slight sound made him lift his head from his hands, and there, standing beneath the bank, he saw a tiny creature dressed in white, with face like an angel's, regarding him with grave surprise and tearful sympathy.

"Are you praying to see mamma?" she said. "Come with me and I will lead you to her.

She climbed the steep bank as she spoke and held out her hand to him. Ashamed of his tears he turned his from her shyly, not daring to take the little extended hand; but she seized his with gentle force, and bending over him, for he was still kneeling, she kissed him suddenly and wiped his tears away with her handkerchief.

"Don't cry any more, poor boy," she said, pitifully. "Come to mamma now; she is in at the seat there beneath the May-tree."

Hand in hand they descended the bank together, the boy, who with such steady purpose, such wondrous patience, had waited throughout the day, depressed now and silent, the girl full of prattle and of questions. Obliged to rally to reply to them, he became unconsciously more self-possessed, more erect in mien, and as he spoke of wrongs, the cruelties of the coward Whalley, and his own resolve to go out into the world alone, his eyes flashed, and there came into his pale cheeks a tinge of color. Then the girl grew silent, looking on him with a gaze full of innocence and wonder.

It was thus the children presented themselves before a lady, propped with cushions, reclining on a seat placed beneath a group of hawthorns, whose dying blossoms sprinkled her as she lay.

"Mamma," said the child, gently.

The lady raised her head languidly from the cushion, and the little Alfred saw a shadow, pale with the suffering of long sickness, but it was not the face that had bent over him lovingly in the churchyard of Penkivel. Struck with chill dismay and disappointment, he grasped his little companion's hand in a tighter clasp, and stood silent and trembling.

The lady gazed upon the two children with a strange shadow of perplexity deepening in her eyes. She saw upon their young faces a mutual likeness that startled her—a likeness not to be denied or mistaken. There is a something mysterious, which marks the faces and bearing of every family, enabling us to recognise in a moment those who are of the same blood. In the lineage of the Crehylls this seal of race and of resemblance lay upon the forehead and brows, giving to the face of each scion of the family what the country people called the "Crehylls-look." It was an earnest look—a contraction of the brow, denoting patience and perseverence. Of late years, enervated perhaps by wealth, this patience in the race degenerated into weakness, and their ancient name, Crehylls—crushed—adopted by the ancestor who slew the dragon, seemed more adapted to express their sufferings than their prowess. Now, this steadfast Crehylls look upon the children's faces, as they stood with brows the counterpart each of each, brought a flush of wonder to the invalid's pale cheeks.

"This is mamma," said the little girl, dragging Alfred forward; "this is Lady Crehylls."

"No," returned the boy, dropping her hand with a patient sigh, "that is not Lady Crehylls—that is not the lady I want to see."

"Who is your companion, Lydia?" said Lady Crehylls, a little sternly.

The tone of her mother's voice struck the little creature painfully; she gave one wistful look on the wan, weary figure, whose hand had just unclasped hers, and then rushing impetuously forward, she clasped her arms round the neck of the sick lady.

"Mamma," she whispered very low, "I heard him praying. He asked God to send him to Lady Crehylls; and he said he was lonely and afraid—afraid to lie on the ground again, mamma. He said, too, that he had no home, and he asked God to pity him. Dear mamma, you have told me that wicked children never pray; so I thought he was good, and I might bring him to you."

The lady listened to her little daughter quietly, except for a slight trembling of the lip, and then she kissed her.

"Doubtless you have done right, Lydia," she said: "but let me hear what the little boy has to say for himself."

"Oh mamma," interrupted Lydia, in an earnest whisper, "don't let him know I have told you what I heard. It would be so cruel. And he says he has run away from a wicked schoolmaster."

Raising herself on her fragile arm, Lady Crehylls beckoned Alfred Singleton to draw nearer.

"What is your name?" she said, "and why do you wish to see me! Is it true you have run away?"

"Yes; I have walked from Exeter," he answered. "It is a fortnight ago since I got out of the window in the early morning and ran away. I hid in the woods till nightfall, then I walked as far as I could and hid again. It was very lonely in the woods. I was afraid and cried sometimes; but I never thought of stopping or of going back."

"So you have run away from school?" said Lady Crehylls, gravely.

For a moment the boy hung his head abashed, then he raised his eyes to hers and clasped his hands nervously.

"If you knew all, you would not be angry," he said. "Two of the boys have agreed to kill themselves if their fathers send them back next half; and last month I saw a little boy die at school. He was smaller than me, and Mr. Whalley beat him till he fell down. Then they carried him to bed, and in the night I stole into his room, and put my arm about his neck. 'Is that you, Alf?' he said. 'Kiss me dear.' And when I kissed him his face was cold. 'Don't stay here to die, like me, Alf,' he whispered. 'Run away, else you'll be killed too.'"

"And did the poor child die?" asked Lady Crehylls, in a tone of horror.

"He was quite cold when I stole away from his bed side," answered the little Alfred simply. "He had no father and mother, and his uncle is in India. No one said any anything when he was buried."

"It appears to me you did quite right to escape from such a master," returned Lady Crehylls, glancing wistfully on her own child. "But, my dear, why did you not go home."

"I have no home," said the boy, clasping and unclasping his thin, small fingers as he spoke. "My mother is dead, and I don't know where my father lives. Mr. Whalley always sent my letters to him. He does not care for me, I think."

The dreary, quiet tone in which he spoke had a pathos in it past description. It pierced the heart of Lady Crehylls with a deep pang; filled as it was with forebodings of the coming orphanage of her own child.

"Oh, your father loves you, my dear," she said wistfully. "You must think otherwise. Tell me why you came to Crehylls."

"I thought to see the lady," returned Alfred Singleton; "she told me to come to her, if I needed a friend. Here is her letter."

He took it from between the leaves of a book in the bundle he carried, and handed it to Lady Crehylls. There she read these few words:—

"Dear Child—Remember I am called Lady Crehylls, and should you need a friend, come to me without fear, and I will help you. Keep this letter, lest you should forget my name, and bear this firmly in mind, that I am your friend.

"Agatha Crehylls."

"This letter is from the Dowager Lady Crehylls, my sister-in-law," said the sick lady. "You should have gone to Penkivel, my dear; she lives there!"

"I asked all the people I met where Lady Crehylls lived," answered Alfred; "and they said at Castle Crehylls. Please how far is it to Penkivel. Can I get there to night if I walk fast?"

The patient bearing of the boy, as shouldering his bundle again he stood prepared to start forth once more on a weary journey struck Lady Crehylls with sorrowful admiration. All her boys were dead. If her favorite, if Lawrence had lived, he, too, would have had an undaunted spirit like this little stranger. Ah! how proud she would have felt at his courage! With wistful eyes she looked upon Alfred Singleton's flushing face, and laid her hand kindly on his arm.

"You cannot walk to Penkivel, my boy," said she. "You shall stay here to-night, and to-morrow we will send you to my sister's in a carriage. Penkivel is more than thirty miles away. Now, my love," she continued, turning to her little girl, "call the servants to help me in. I am tired, and it grows cold."

"May I go with her?" asked Alfred, eagerly.

"Lady Crehylls smiled and nodded. So the children went away hand in hand again, but in a moment Lydia ran back.

"Mamma," she whispered, "if the little boy is a friend of Aunt Agatha's may he not be my friend too? Please don't send him away so soon as to morrow. I am so lonely here. I have no one to play with, you know, but you."

The dying lady could scarcely repress her tears. Lonely!—was her child lonely now? Oh what was the loneliness to that greater pain drawing nearer and nearer, day by day!

"Aunt Agatha's friend," she repeated, thoughtfully. "Yes, darling, her friends may always be your friends too. The little boy may stay longer than to-morrow if he likes."

"Oh, I know he'll like to stay!" cried Lydia. "You dear, good mamma, how kind you are!" she said; and kissing her, she ran off eagerly to rejoin her little companion.

"The boy is a gentleman's son, evidently," observed Lady Crehylls to herself. "I cannot have done wrong. Perhaps he is some poor clergyman's child. Agatha is always kind to orphans. Doubtless she knew his father and his family, or she would not have written to the child."

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

It was the last night of a new opera, and as the last song of the finale quivered in the ear, a hundred "Bravos!" rent the air, and on the stage, the centre figure of a picturesque group, stood Madame Silvia, courtseying and smiling, as she received the plaudits of the audience. Her face was flushed with triumph, and over her bending figure there rested a grace that charmed every eye. Suddenly, from a large box near the stage, there fell a magnificent bouquet at the singer's feet; and as she stooped and gathered it up, she glanced at the donor, a small, spare man, with a star upon his breast. A glow of pleasure covered his face as her eyes met his, and he smiled and bowed hurriedly. But there was no answering smile on Madame Silvia's lips as she curtseyed to him deeply; and as the green curtain fell, she dropped the flowers scornfully, and moved away, letting them lie unguarded on the boards. Then a gentleman, who, from the side scenes, had witnessed the finale, came forward, and offered the prima donna his arm.

"Madeline," he said, in a low voice, "I saw the duke annoy you again to-night. Why will you continue to expose yourself to such insults? Have you not had enough yet of this meretricious triumph, this noise and show!"

"Noise and show!" she repeated. "I sing for my bread, not for triumphs," she said, looking down upon the nosegay of rare flowers, and thrusting it aside with her foot, as she spoke. "And if I have to accept such things as this as the consequences of my position, would it not be a folly in me to fret at them?"

During this short dialogue, the clamor and the cries of "encore" had become so vociferous that, yielding to the demand of the audience, a signal was given for the curtain to rise again. Then the actors hastily grouped themselves, the gentleman on whose arm Madame Silvia leaned, sprang aside, while she gathered up the fallen flowers, and as the curtain rose, and she faced the audience, she put them to her smiling lips. A momentary burst of applause, then a lull, and in that silence the clear, powerful voice of Madame Silvia rose in glorious melody, pouring forth the solo in the finale. The chorus answered, swelled and died away, and once more the heroine fell in the arms of her lover, pouring forth her dying song in "linked sweetness long drawn out;" then again the curtain descended, and the satisfied audience slowly melted away. But on the stage the crowd increased each moment, actors, managers and visitors, all pressing round Madame Silvia to congratulate her on her success. She seemed to have a word and a smile for every one, yet she none the less made her way steadily towards her dressing-room, the door of which was closed against the crowd. In a few minutes she emerged, clothed in sober gray, with a large cloak wrapped around her, and then the gentleman on whose arm she had leaned before, came forward and offered it again. But at the same instant a small thin voice accosted her.

"Madame Silvia surpassed herself to-night," said the voice. "Her singing and acting were both superb."

Her hand dropped from the arm it had scarcely touched, and with lips slightly paling, she turned and greeted the new comer.

"I am glad you think so, duke," she replied. "I am proud I have pleased so fastidious a critic."

"You always please me," returned the duke, lowering his voice to a whisper. "But where are your flowers?" he continued aloud. "I thought Madame Silvia had deigned to accept my poor gift."

"My flowers!" said the lady, hurriedly. "Is it possible I have forgotten my flowers? I must have left them in my room. I'll go and fetch them."

But twenty obsequious messengers were there to save her the trouble, and in a moment the bouquet was placed in her hand.

"I hope the flowers are not soiled," said the gentleman who brought them. "I found them on the floor; they had fallen from the table, I suppose."

"Duke, will you permit us to say good-night," observed the gentleman by Madame Silvia's side. "I fear my horses will take cold."

"Sir, I have not the slightest wish to detain you," said the duke. "Pray attend at once to the health of your horses. Mine can wait as long as Madame Silvia pleases."

He said this gaily, in that tone of merriment which takes away half the offense; but it did not prevent an angry reply from rising to the other's lips.

"I believe Madame Silvia will care very little how long or short a time your horses wait, duke, since she does me the honor to return home in my carriage."

"Maurice, are you mad!" whispered Madame Silvia, earnestly. "I can't offend this man."

In an instant she had turned to the duke, and accosted him with a flattering smile, and a certain bewitching coquetry in her manner, indescribable in words. Maurice watched her moodily, but without making any effort to interrupt a conversation from which the crowd gently drew apart, as though they regarded it as a tete-a-tete.

"Do not flatter me," said the duke. "You are treacherous as ice, and as white and smooth. But what does that matter? I love you all the same."

These words were spoken in Italian; and as he uttered them, a faint flush rose in Madame Silvia's ivory face.

"The time will come," she said, and her lip shook, "when men will wonder why an insult to one of my profession was so easy and so safe."

"Do you suppose that it is because I see you here that I venture to tell you, you are treacherous as ice?" asked the duke. "No, it is because I know Madame Silvia as well as I knew Madame Sylvester. Look in the flowers before you fling them away again; you will find something there that you would be sorry for a servant to read."

"I will take care of your flowers," said Madame Silvia, hiding her fear and hatred in a smooth voice. "Good night, duke. Maurice, I am ready."

The gentleman whom she thus accosted conducted her silently to the carriage awaiting them, and placed her within it, then he lifted his hat, and gave her a cold good night.

"What folly!" she cried, with a silvery laugh. "Do you suppose I will take your carriage and let you walk home? No, indeed! Call a coach for me, if you please," she said, turning to the servant. "I will not return home in Mr. Pellew's carriage."

On hearing this Maurice Pellew turned, and laid his hand for one wavering moment on the door of the chariot, then he sprang up the steps, and took his seat by the side of the woman who still held him captive.

"Maurice, you are unreasonable to be angry," she said, after an instant's silence. "Would I be civil to that detestible man, unless circumstances compelled me?"

"I can see no circumstances," began Maurice.

"You are mistaken," she interposed. "Two men in London have recognized in Madame Silvia that unhappy Madeline Sylvester, whom Lady Crehylls slandered. These two are yourself and this Russian with a French name, the Duke de Briancourt."

"And what then?" asked Maurice.

"And then," said she, "what seems so slight a thing to you might be a great misfortune to me. Hundreds, perhaps thousands, unable to account otherwise for the absence of Lord Crehylls, still believe the cruel, wicked slander, circulated by his wife. How eagerly the world would revive the lie, if it knew that I was Madeline Sylvester! Hands that applauded me yesterday would be ready to stone me to-morrow. My innocence would have no more effect on the crowd that it had formerly on you. And I should leave my art, which I love so much, in contempt and anger——"

"As you left me," interrupted Maurice.

Madeline's eye flashed on him a strange look, but she permitted the reproach to remain unanswered.

"The love of my art," she continued, "is the last faithful, forlorn love left me. Let me keep it if I can. It is for this I am civil to the Duke de Briancourt. He can tell the world who I am; he can drive me into solitude, where I should soon die."

"Is this all your reason?" asked Maurice, with the old jealous ring in his voice.

"No, not all," she replied. "I confess I am civil to this man from fear. I have the same unaccountable terror of him which I had when almost a child at Florence—which I had when a girl. I met him again in London, and fled to the Singletons from his cruel pursuit of me."

"Ah, Madeline, why not have appealed to me for help?" said Maurice.

"How easily you shift the blame of that time from yourself to me," she returned, a little scornfully. "How could I appeal to you for help?—you who had insulted and forsaken me—you who, through your mother, pursued me with a renewed and vindictive insult?"

"Madeline, you know now I was innocent of that cruel wrong to me and yourself," said Maurice.

"I know it; but what then? It does not undo the past—it does not give me back my life," she replied, bitterly.

"If you had only had patience, Madeline," continued Maurice, "all would have been well. Explanation and forgiveness must have come in time."

"How could I have patience?" she said. I was writhing beneath a cruel slander. I was terrified by one lover and forsaken by the other. And I, who had accepted gall from all the world, found that I could not take the cup from your hands. I rushed impulsively into a hasty marriage, wronging a good man, and heaping on my own heart a heavy load of remorse and sorrow. No! why do I say I did it? Agatha Crehylls' was the hand which brought the evil upon you, upon me, and upon one whose soul was the noblest and gentlest in the world. And he died striving to save her child," she added, with an indescribable accent of bitterness, "died just when I thought to be happier——"

Tears sprang to her eyes, and she stopped suddenly. Maurice listened to her words with a sinking heart. He felt that her love for him had died away, or she could not praise another man in his hearing; she could not regret another love in his presence. The explanation they had mutually given of the past had made them friends, nothing more.

When Maurice Pellew would have spoken of love, when he looked wistfully into Madeline's face; seeking there some ray of hope, some lingering gleam of the old tenderness, he found only an icy calm, or a reserve he could not penetrate. He had thought at first it would be easy to assume his old sway, but time had taught him otherwise, and now, though three months had passed since he and Madeline had met again, the silent barrier between them stood firm as ever.

"Do you regret the past so much," he said in a vexed tone.

"It is not regret I feel, it is remorse," she answered, in a hard voice.

"Remorse!" he exclaimed. "I thought that might be mine, but not yours. What did you repent, Madeline?"

"I repent a deed of hasty impulsive generosity," she replied, gloomily; "when I should only have considered justice. I gave way to romance, not counting the cost. From this has sprung all my sorrows and my sins. I have spared others, but they never spared me."

This was the first time she had referred to the primary cause of their quarrel, and Maurice answered her eagerly.

"You allude to the man whom you supposed guilty of the death of Carlis?" he said. "Madeline, I guessed long ago that this man was Lord Crehylls. He was innocent, I am certain. Let me speak earnestly with you on this matter to-morrow, and be frank with me, I entreat you. You say that you repent of your romance; then now let us do sober justice and repair the past if possible."

"Justice!" she echoed—"it is too late for that; it degenerates into revenge now. And—and, Maurice, do you know that sometimes I am hateful to myself? If it were not for my life upon the stage I should go mad!"

She spoke vehemently, and the sudden stopping of the carriage made her voice sound strangely wild.

"Are we arrived already?" she said, relapsing into languor. "I will not ask you in, Maurice, it is so late; but I do not act to-morrow evening, so you can dine with me, if agreeable to you."

"You may be sure of seeing me," returned Maurice, grasping her hand eagerly.

She was alighting from the carriage now, but with her foot on the last step she stood an instant, her hand still in his.

"Congratulate me on my courage," she said. "Do you know my little ward is lost? And yet, you see, I have not shed a tear, or broken down in the part I had to sing."

"Lost!" exclaimed Maurice.

"Yes, he has run away from school," she replied, "and perhaps perished by the roadside; he may be lying dead or dying, unnamed and unknown, in some poor workhouse."

"Do not torment yourself with so dreadful a picture," said Mr. Pellew. "The child is safe doubtless."

"Can it matter what becomes of him?" she asked. "Does the world usually care whether the child of a villain dies in a ditch or no?"

The lamplight fell full upon her face, as, with these bitter words upon her lips, she smiled and passed within the house.

"I forgot the boy is Rathline's," said Maurice to himself.

But his gaze was still fixed and wondering, and when the closed door had hidden Madeline from his sight, his eyes seemed still to see the vision of that graceful figure and scornful face.

"Where to, sir?" said the servant, breaking in upon his thoughts.

"Home," he answered, drearily.

As the carriage wended its way through the darkening streets, Maurice Pellew mused and wondered at the woman he had left. When it set him down, his thoughts were busy with the same theme, and in his lonely room, he still strove, like a man working out a problem, to understand and reconcile in his mind the incongruous phases of her strange character. But in all his wild thoughts of her, not one so wild as the truth presented itself to his imagination. No, he never dreamed of her as kneeling before her desk reading those early letters which he wrote to her in the first happiness of their betrothal; he never pictured her with tears streaming down her cheeks as with haggard eyes she poured over these records of the love she dared not now accept.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

"WHY didn't he say he knowed Lady Crehylls, of Penkivel?" asked the astounded Dick of his fellow-servants. "Who would think a gentleman's son would come trapesing here a-foot like a beggar?"

"When a boy runs away from school," returned an indignant footman, "he ain't usually got pocket-money enough to buy a coach-and-four. You should have called me when the young gentleman asked for Lady Crehylls. I should have known better than to answer him like a gawking idiot."

"Well, never mind," said a housemaid, who pitied the abashed Dick, "the child is doing well now,—he won't die this time. I'm sure I never see my lady more anxious for one of her own than she's been for him; and as to Miss Lydia, she nearly cried her heart out when he lay ill. I wonder who the boy is? My lord and my lady haven't said nothing about him; but of course he's related to the family."

"Anyone can see that," observed another, mysteriously.

This talk took place three days after the arrival of the little Alfred Singleton at Castle Crehylls—three days, during which he had struggled, with the fever and exhaustion of fatigue, and famine. It seemed very strange to the little sufferer to be nursed gently,—stranger still to find kind eyes watching him when he awoke from his uneasy slumber, or tossed restless on his bed. But now, on this third day, he was able to get up; and ensconced in a great arm-chair, so big that he seemed lost in it, he sat near a sunny window, very demure and thoughtful, with his small white face bearing more legibly on its brow that strange seal of steadfast patience; but this was suddenly brightened by a smile, as a soft step drew near him, and a little hand timidly touched his.

"Are you better?" said Lydia. "Mamma has sent you these strawberries; and I have brought you my new picture-book to look at."

"I am much better, thank you," replied Alfred. "I think I shall be able to go to Penkivel to-morrow."

"Mamma won't let you go to-morrow," returned Lydia, as a shadow fell over her rosy face. "She has promised that I shall show you my new swing in the elm avenue, and the nest of little goldfinches, and my pony."

Lydia's possessions and Lydia's happy looks seemed ever a new source of wonder to the child, whose few years were crowded with painful memories.

"Have you a pony!" he said, eagerly; "a pony all your own?"

"Yes, and I've a long habit, and a pretty whip with a long handle, that mother gave me," replied Lydia.

"Then your mamma loves you?" said Alfred, looking in her face earnestly.

That her mother's love should be a matter of wonder, or of question seemed strange indeed to Lydia, and revolving this new idea in her childish mind, there crept into it a shadow of the forlornness of the little wistful questioner, whose eyes were fixed on hers. She gazed into his face in a grave sad way, as though marking how white and wasted it was, and how it bore in its youthful lines an unnatural thoughtfulness, and look of unchildish care. Perhaps she saw all this but dimly, having scarcely sense to shape it into thought, but she felt as the blind feel colors; and the loneliness, the sorrow, the anguish of the poor, forlorn, unloved boy fell like a shadow upon her spirit.

"I am so sorry," she said, softly, as her arm stole about his neck; "I wish you had a mamma that loved you; but, if you stay here, you may have my mamma to be your mamma, too, and you can be my little brother, if you like. You know my real brothers are dead. I'll show you their pictures when you are better."

In his superior age and wisdom the little Alfred smiled at her proposition, and, boy-like, he took her caresses quietly, not giving back one.

"I can't be your brother," he said. "Your papa won't let me. I am only a poor boy; I shall have to work very hard when I am a man, while you will be a rich lady, with this great castle all your own."

"But if you were my brother, I could give half to you," said Lydia; "and then you would not be poor. Say, will you have it?" she asked, pressing her round, rosy cheek against his wan face.

"When you are bigger you won't ask me," said Alfred; "you won't care to have a brother like me then."

"Yes I shall," returned Lydia, sturdily. "I have heard mamma say she wished I had a brother, and I have seen her cry often when she looked at me playing by myself. I know she'll let me have you for a brother: shall I go and ask her?"

"No, not yet," said Alfred, holding her tightly in the span of his small arm; "I'm afraid she'll keep you with her then, and I want you to stay with me, and show me these pictures. I shall like you for a sister very much. I can take you for my sister, you know, without asking anyone."

This arrangement contenting Lydia completely, Alfred made room for her on his big chair, and with the book of engravings on their laps they sat with clasped hands, and small intent faces, turning over the pictures gravely.

It was thus the easy, indolent Lord Crehylls found them, and looking at them in his absent way, he thought they made a pretty picture—no, it was a striking picture—because of the contrast between Lydia's rosy happiness, and the little stranger's wan look of sorrow. Then there came into his dreamy mind some hazy thought of danger to his child, and he called, "Lydia!"

Sauntering into the room with his soft step, with one book in his hand and another in his pocket, the children had not heard him; but now, startled, both looked up, and Alfred Singleton flushing painfully, strove to rise, but being weak and trembling, fell back in the chair again, while Lydia, with both arms round his neck, rebuked him gravely for the effort.

"Lydia," said Lord Crehylls, "little Lanyon hasn't got anything catching, has he?—fever, or anything of that sort."

"Oh no, papa," said Lydia; "he is only tired; there's nothing the matter with him at all, but that."

"Very well, my dear. No, I dare say not. Of course your mamma would not have let you play with him if——"

But here Lord Crehylls' eye fell upon his open book, and he became absorbed immediately in its pages.

"If you please," said the little Alfred.

But Lord Crehylls made him no answer. Then he waited patiently till the reader moved his eyes for a single instant from the book as he turned a page.

"If you please," began the quiet voice again.

"Eh!—what! Is it you, little Lanyon, speaking?" asked Lord Crehylls.

"If you please, sir—my lord—I wanted to say, that my name is not Lanyon," replied the child.

"Not Lanyon!" said Lord Crehylls. "Dear me! I thought you were related to my brother's widow. I thought you brought a letter from Agatha. Not Lanyon! Here, Caroline," cried the helpless man, looking around on the four walls for his wife. "So your mamma isn't here," he said, bewildered. "Lydia, where is your mother?"

"Mamma is not so well to-day," replied Lydia. "She is lying down in her room, papa."

"Not so well? Poor thing! I'll go to her."

So saying, Lord Crehylls fell into the nearest chair, and lost himself in his book again. But the little Alfred Singleton was too brave, and too honest to remain tranquil under the idea, that he was supposed to be a relative of the beautiful lady whom he had seen in the churchyard of Penkivel. So, in spite of Lydia's small restraining arms, he got down from the big chair and crept, with trembling steps, to the reader's side. Here his small shadow fell quiveringly on the book, and Lord Crehylls looked up surprised.

"Eh! what! little Lanyon! You look very white; don't you think you would be better in bed, my dear?"

"I wanted to tell you," said Alfred, "that my name is Singleton, and I am not related to Lady Crehylls."

"Dear me!" returned the embarrassed nobleman, "I am sorry for that; but I suppose it does not matter much, does it? I understood we were to take care of you for a few days, till Agatha sent for you, and I assure you Lady Crehylls and I are much pleased to do anything to oblige her. So I hope little Lanyon—Singleton, I mean—you have everything you want."

Here Lord Crehylls plunged all his senses into his book once more, and while Alfred for an instant felt afraid to speak, Lydia joined him, and stole her hand into his.

"Don't tell papa anything more," she whispered.

"But I must tell—I ought to tell," persisted Alfred aloud.

"Eh! what is it? what's the matter?" said Lord Crehylls.

"Oh, do please let me tell you the truth," cried Alfred. "I've run away from school, that's the truth. And I mean to walk to Penkivel to see Lady Crehylls, but she does not know I am coming. And I cannot tell whether she will be as kind to me as you have been, for I have never seen her but once in all my life."

The earnestness in the small pale face, and the emphasis on "all my life,"—the little, fragile life, so few in years, so innocent, and yet so full of sorrow,—struck even the absent Lord Crehylls as something strange. He exerted himself so far as to close his book, and taking the trembling boy upon his knee, he began to question him; but ere he had received the answers, a frightened servant looked within the room, and with fingers held up and pale face she beckoned to her master.

"My lord," she said, in a low, hurried voice, "there is a great change in my poor lady. Come and see her."

It was a change indeed; and soon throughout the castle, from roof to basement, there crept the chill whisper of coming death. Yet the lady lingered still a day or two, while hope clung with agonizing grasp upon her husband's heart, and the children, dimly conscious of the truth, played with hushed voices. On the last evening of her life she asked for them, and putting her hand upon their heads, she blessed them both. Some untold thought, some strange, prophetic instinct, was in her heart when she did this, and above all, when she gazed into their faces with a wistful longing look of love.

"Do you see this strange likeness, Lawrence?" she said, faintly, to her husband. "I could not refuse help to a child coming to me with that look upon his face. Ask Agatha who he is, and what you can do for him. Doubtless she knows more than he knows of himself, or she would not have written to the child. As I look upon his face I think——"

But her strength was gone, and Lord Crehylls was destined never to hear what her thought was. Agitated and overwhelmed with grief, he scarcely paused to wonder at her interest in the little waif that had strayed to Crehylls.

A few hours later in the night her spirit fled; and the two children who had so strangely been brought together were left defenceless in the world.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

LEGENDS OF THE ROSE.

IN the neighborhood of Jerusalem is a pleasant valley, which bears the name of Solomon's Rose Garden, and where, according to a Mohammedan myth, a compact was made between the Wise Man and the genii of the Morning Land, which was writ, not in blood, like the bonds between Faust and Mephistopheles, but with saffron and rose water upon the petals of white roses. In Paris in the sixteenth century an edict was issued requiring all Jews to wear a rose on their breast as a distinguishing mark. In the Catholic Tyrol, in the present day, betrothed swains are expected to carry a rose during the period of their betrothal as a warning to young maidens of their engaged state. Roses have played and still play an important part in popular usages in many other parts of the world. In Germany young girls deck their hair with white roses for their confirmation, their entrance into the world, and when at the end of life's career the aged grandmother departs to her eternal rest a last gift in the shape of a rose garland is laid upon her bier. Julius Cæsar, it is recorded, was fain to hide his baldness at the age of thirty, with the produce of the Roman rose gardens, as Anacreon hid the snows of eighty under a wreath of roses. At mid-Lent the Pope sends a golden rose to particular churches or crowned heads whom he designs as especially to honor. Martin Luther wore a rose in his girdle. In these instances the rose serves as a symbol of ecclesiastical wisdom. A rose was figured on the headman's axe once in Germany. Many orders, fraternities, and societies have taken the rose as their badge. The "Rosicrucians" may be instanced. The "Society of the Rose," of Hamburg, an association of learned ladies of the seventeenth century, is a less known example. It was devided into four sections, the Roses, the Lilies, the Violets, and the Pinks. The holy Medardus instituted, in France, the custom of "La Rosiere," by which, in certain local localities, a money gift and a crown of roses are bestowed on the most devout and most industrious maiden in the Commune. The infamous Duke de Chartres established an "Order of the Rose," with a diametrically opposite intention. At Treviso, Italy, a curious feast is or was held annually. A castle was erected with tapestry and silken hangings and defended by the best born maidens in the city against the attacks of the young bachelors, almonds, nutmegs, roses, and squirts filled with rose-water being the ammunition freely used on both sides.

FLOWERS.

BY P. HENRY DOYLE.

Scatter them gently o'er her maiden breast.
While yet their marble beauty is abloom
Fit emblems of the dead on whom they rest;
These fair, frail lives that live but for the tomb.

Though when grown faded by Time's frosty breath
Their stainless sweetness gone, it is not meet,
To sanctify with tears the wreath of death,
Nor yield the grave a victory complete.

For these are of the body, while the soul—
The incorruptible—bursts from the clod
And blooms above, tho' countless ages roll,
A deathless flower in the smile of God.

Bury them with her then, and only bless
Love's fadeless blossoming; whate'er her part
Of good in life, remember it, and press
The holy flower closely to your heart.

So will its wearing grace you, and through days
Of summer brightness, or of winter gloom,
Cast forth an incense sweet as are the lays
That angels hear in realms beyond the tomb.

Love After.

BY A. O. G.

IT was in the heart of rose-crowded June that I brought my bonny bride home. But there was one thorn among my roses; and that was, that Pearl was even more shy now than before our marriage.

Alas! too late I found I had taken an unwilling bride. There was a dreary pain in my heart as I thought how my darling must have suffered during my brief courtship and our two weeks of marriage.

"Mrs. Alstyne must have known," I thought, bitterly. "I can never forgive the woman."

It was an accident that placed Pearl's secret in my hands, for I hold a wife's notes sacred.

I arrived home several hours earlier than I had intended, for I had been called away some miles on business. Going at once to my wife's room, I found her absent, and sat down to await her. The wind blew a paper to my feet. I picked it up carelessly, when my name caught my eye, and before I was aware of what I what I was doing, I had read it.

It was a note from her to her cousin Jack—her old sweetheart—saying that as now she was married, he must write to her no more.

In what part of the world was the fellow? I had heard Pearl's aunt casually mention him, but did not know where to find him. That night I said carelessly to Pearl, as I turned her music:

"Where is your cousin, Jack Alstyne, stopping?"

"He is at Cheltenham," was the reply, with averted head and flushed cheeks.

The next day I was in Cheltenham. I found Alstyne easily, and followed him to the theatre.

I saw a slender, stylish figure, elegantly dressed; a pale, oval face; full, firm lips, half hidden by a heavy blonde moustache; darkish brown hair; steel-blue eyes, that could flash fire or melt into tenderness; a handsome, fascinating man, a dangerous rival, an unscrupulous enemy.

On arriving at the hotel, I seated myself before the glass, and took a critical survey of myself. I shook my head sadly, for I saw none of the graceful ease and fascinating polish of Jack Alstyne in the reflection.

To see him had been my only object and I returned home

I would have given much to know how to meet my wife as the train whirled me towards home next day. Should I caress her as my heart prompted, or only give a quiet word of greeting? She passively endured my caresses, but never returned them; so, after thinking a long time, I resolved to dispense with the caresses, and greet her quietly.

I did not retire, after tea, to my study, but seated myself near Pearl and talked of my journey. I had always been called a good conversationalist, and I did my best to interest my pale little wife.

She looked listless and tired when I began; but before long her sweet face brightened, and my heart gave a glad bound of delight as she became as gay and piquant as when I first knew her.

The next week found us at Mrs. Alstyne's cottage by the sea. There was quite a large party assembled, cousin Jack among the number.

Poor little Pearl grew quite white when they met; and I really longed to kick the fellow for the reproachful, injured look on his handsome face.

"You are not looking well, Jack," she said, somewhat anxiously; for she little imagined late hours and dissipation caused his deathly pallor and the dark circles under his eyes,

"I am quite well now, thank you; but I have been awfully blue the past month;" his eyes looked tenderly into hers. "I have tried everything to rid myself of the mischievous imps, without avail; and I fear they will never leave me, unless you, my dear little cousin, exercised them as you used to do in those sweet, happy days, when——"

Closing abruptly, he darted an evil glance at me, and hastily left the room, as if overcome with emotion.

Pearl's sensitive face was crimson as every eye was turned towards her; and her lips quivered slightly

With a quick movement, I was by her saying, quietly, "Shall I bring your hat and shawl for a walk?"

"If you please," giving me a quick, grateful look.

She was silent and distrait at first, but brightened a trifle after a while. Suddenly we met Jack and Belle Travers strolling down to the shore. His handsome head was bent, his eyes fixed adoringly on his companion's face, as her hand lay confidingly in his.

A scornful smile curled Pearl's lips as she exclaimed, abruptly, "I want to go home."

* * * * * *

That evening Pearl was radiant. She wore a robe of some cloud-like material, that made her look like an angel with her long, floating curls.

Jack didn't understand this new mood, it was plain; for he grew quite angry as she laughed gaily, replying saucily to his tender remarks.

"It nearly broke my heart when I knew you were married to that piece of marine," he said, tenderly, as Pearl stood by the bay-window

"How many times has your heart been broken during the last half-dozen years, Jack?" carelessly.

Jack looked slightly confused.

"I have had my fancies, like everone else; but I never really loved anyone but you, my dearest!"

My heart stood still as I waited for Pearl's reply.

It came, clear and cold.

"You seem to forget that I am married, Mr. Alstyne, and that such language is an insult."

"You are afraid that your immaculate husband will be jealous of your humble servant, I presume?" he sneered, too angry to remember his good breeding.

"Not in the least, sir, I assure you," I coolly remarked, as I offered my arm to my wife.

Poor little Pearl gave me a frightened glance, and her slight form trembled violently as she walked away unsteadily by my side.

Two white arms stole round my neck, and my darling buried her face in my bosom, sobbing as if her little heart would break.

My heart ached as I gently smoothed her hair, and pressed warm kisses on her white hands, for I had resolved never to kiss her lips until I could claim her heart.

"You are very kind and patient, Theo," she said at last, as she raised her head, "and I am very grateful."

"It is not your gratitude, but your love, that I would die to gain," I cried with my heart in my voice, and a great sob shaking my frame.

As the next day my hopes were rudely dashed to the ground; for my darling shunned me, and Jack took every occasion to covertly insult me, and boldly played the distracted lover.

I grew pale and thin with anxiety, and my friends became frightened at my changed appearance.

As for Pearl, she said not a word; but I often saw her stealthily regarding me, and a number of times surprised her in tears.

It was my last day at the cottage; for the doctor had gravely advised change of air.

"Your husband must stop thinking so much, Mrs. Cameron," he said, decisively, as he rose to leave. "Sing and read to him, take up his mind, and you may even pull his hair if he disobeys orders," he added smiling.

"A woman's rights man, as I live!" exclaimed Pearl, in mock horror, as he bowed self him out of the room.

"Is it anything serious, Dr. Grayson?" inquired Mrs. Alstyne, as he passed out.

"If he doesn't get help soon, madam, he will be a dead man in three months," was the startling reply.

Ah! how I longed to see my wife's face! But her back was towards me.

Without a word she left the room, and I did not see her again for some hours.

Suddenly voices roused me.

"How shameful it is for Mr. Alstyne to go on so after Mrs. Cameron!" said Miss Brixton, indignantly.

"Mr. Cameron is a model husband, and never interferes with his bride's amusements," sneered Mrs. White. "She has played her cards to some purpose, for all her innocent, baby face, and pussy-cat ways. I wonder handsome Jack doesn't take it cooler: but being a man accounts for it."

"Take it cooler!" repeated the girl wonderingly. "I don't understand."

"Why, can't you see?" she said, impatiently. "Mrs. Cameron has pulled the wool over her husband's eyes that he may make his will in her favor. When the fool dies, charming Jack will come in for money, widow, and all; but he is fearfully impatient, as all men are when their wishes are concerned."

"I am sure you must be mistaken, Mrs. White; for Mrs. Cameron seems to hate her cousin."

"All put on, my dear—all put on for our edification," laughing disagreeably. "Jack has been engaged a dozen times; but his dainty cousin will get the prize."

And she walked away coolly.

I heard a smothered sound, and, glancing through the leaves, saw Pearl, with Jack beside her. With a quick movement, he was at her feet, her hands clasped tightly in his, crying passionately, "My darling! my beautiful darling! is it, can it be, true?" his kisses falling like rain on her hands, his eyes gleaming luminous fires. "Oh, my beauty! I would give my soul to possess you. You are mine, mine! I claim you, soul and body!"

"How dare you?" she cried, haughtily. "It is true that I despise you for your baseness, your lies, and your treachery, Jack Alstyne! I never loved you, although so taken with your smooth, fond words and tender looks, that I thought I was really in love. I hate myself for even thinking it!"

Alstyne sprang to his feet with an oath, his eyes emitting baleful light.

"I congratulate you on being so near a widow, my love?" he sneered. "I suppose I must obey your prudish fears, and not mention love until the saintly Cameron, whom you adore, is safe under the turf!" insolently.

"You are right, Mr. Alstyne; I do love my husband with my whole heart!" she replied, in a low tone, her face deadly pale.

"Satan and furies!" he exclaimed, hoarsely. "His blood shall pay for this, my beauty; for I swear I will not be balked. I suppose you have done me the honor to listen to my conversation, Mr. Cameron," with elaborate politeness, as I appeared on the scene. "As you are obliged to leave the world so soon, I am happy to aid you!" he sneered, raising a revolver.

There was a wild shriek, a flash and report, and all was dark about me.

The next I knew I was on the beach, and my wife's arms were about my neck, her warm kisses on my lips, and her dear voice murmuring in my ear, "I love you! I love you."

"Thank Heaven!" I gasped fervently, and fell back in a faint.

I was dangerously ill after this, and Pearl nearly killed herself in nursing me. Alstyne's excitement had prevented his taking correct aim; and the result was only a broken arm and a bath in the sea.

Shrieking for help, Pearl sprang after me, and succeeded in keeping my head above water until aid arrived, so, after all, I owed my life to my darling's love and courage.

During my convalescence, Pearl shyly confessed that she began to love me before we left home, and soon gave me her whole heart.

Jack fled abroad, staying several years. He married, at last, a stolid German, ugly, old, and very large, who was reported an heiress. When too late, he found that a small annuity was all she had. He is no longer the handsome and fascinating flirt. His eyes are bleared, and his features coarse and sensual.

And my little fairy and I are very happy.

IN ANCIENT TIMES.

IN the wardrobe of an Hebrew lady, the most splendid article of clothing was the turban, for those who could afford it. The poor people had to be satisfied with winding a piece of cloth round their heads and fixing it as well as they could. The turbans were of various colors, and wound in different ways; some of them were like a high tower. Shoes and stockings were unknown, but soles of leather were fastened with two latchets. The ladies, who carried luxury into every department, and who are supposed, even in the present day, to be far from indifferent to a nice, neat boot, or to elegant slippers, had their shoes, or rather sandals, and their latchets, made of colored leather; dark blue, violet, and purple were favorite colors. The ankles were decorated with bracelets of gold or dainty silver chains and rings, with tiny silver bells. Hair-nets and head-bands were made of gold or silver, and worn under the net, extending from one ear to the other. Earrings were much thought of; we are told of some that weighed a thousand and seven hundred shekels of gold, and were so large that a man could easily put his hand through them. Some of the women wore several rings with little bells attached to them. They were generally made of horn or silver. But the most popular ring was the nose ring. The left nostril was pierced for the purpose, and a ring made of ivory or metal was put through it. Bracelets were favorite ornaments, and were generally worn on the right arm. Some of them were exceedingly large, so that they reached up to the elbow. Rings on the fingers were worn; chains of fine gold or strings of pearls with little silver balls or small tinkling bells worn round the neck. It was customary to attach ornaments to these chains, either with no meaning as the crosses which our ladies wear, or to serve as amulets; such were round tires like the moon, small scent bottles, ornaments in the shape of serpents, and little gold or silver plates on which were written words supposed to be possessed of magical power.

The Princess Louise is a Sunday school worker.

Scientific and Useful.

MALARIAL FEVER.—Persons living in marshy districts, who are exposed to miasmatic exhalations, will find that lime juice mixed with water and taken freely as a beverage, will prove an excellent preventive of malarial fevers.

TEST OF OIL PURITY.—An Italian professor has recently constructed an apparatus which, it is said, allows the purity of the oils to be estimated by the resistance that they offer to the passage of electricity. Olive oil—a poorer conductor than any other—is taken as the standard of comparison.

A NEW DISEASE.—The peculiar disease in which the patient imagines that everything around him is steadily and irresistibly approaching to cut him out of existence is well known to physicians. An entirely opposite phase of nervous affection which manifests itself in a dread of open spaces—agoraphobia—has lately attracted the attention of physicians in Germany.

ROACH POISON.—One of the best means of ridding houses of cockroaches is equal parts of powdered borax, Persian insect powder, and powdered colocynth, well mixed together, and thrown about such spots at are infested with these troublesome insects. The powder, in all cases where its use has been persistent, has by long experience been found an infallible remedy.

GLYCERINE.—The use of glycerine retards lactic and alcoholic fermentations. One-fifth of glycerine added to milk, at a temperature of fifteen to twenty degrees, prevented it from turning sour for eight or ten days. One-half or one-third of glycerine, at the same temperature, postponed the fermentation of milk for six or seven weeks. At higher temperatures larger quantities are needed to produce the same results.

A NEW METAL.—The manufacture of a new metal, composed partly of steel and partly of iron, has been announced in Paris. The metal is said to be adapted to the fabrication of rails, anchors, etc., where the hardness of the metal diminishes the wear, and increases the resistance of the mass. In the construction of safes, plates of this combination are said to be proof against all attempts to break through them.

NEW MILK CAN.—An invention which merits notice has just been introduced abroad. The invention consists of a milk can so arranged that the milk can be poured out to the last drop, but not a drop of water can be added to it. In the ordinary tin lid, which is securely locked with a padlock after the can has been filled, is placed a brass valve, which opens outwards. When the can is tipped to let the milk out, the valve opens, and the milk flows out; but to add water, the can has to be naturally in an upright position, when the valve closes by its own weight, and prevents ingress.

COLOR AND DEVELOPEMENT.—An abstract of a paper, by a French scientist, on the influence of the different colors of the spectrum on the developement of animals has lately been published. For three years he conducted a series of observations on the eggs of the frog, of the trout, etc. He placed the eggs in vessels plunged irrespectively into violet, blue, green, yellow, red and white solutions. One of the vessels was kept in a dark closet. Violet light, he says, accelerates the development in a remarkable manner, and is followed in this respect by the blue, the yellow, and white light. Red and green appear to be injurious. The colors are arranged in the following series of diminishing activity in promoting development: Violet, blue, yellow, white; darkness, red and green.

Farm and Garden.

POTATOES.—Potatoes cut ten days or two weeks before planting, and sprinkled with plaster, will sprout earlier and grow better than when cut and planted on the same day.

ARTIFICIAL BUTTER.—Over 90 000,000 pounds of artificial butter was manufactured in this country in 1878, much of it being sold as the genuine article. This product has had an influence in depressing the price of the poor grades of butter.

SELECTION OF SEED.—Darwin's idea that heavy and fine seeds tend to yield the finest plants, is supported by practical experiments on turnip seeds in England, which gave two pounds seven ounces per seed in the case of large seeds, as against two pounds four and one-quarter ounces in the case of small seeds.

COAL OIL FOR PLANTS.—It is said there is nothing like coal oil to destroy all kinds of insects. A very little, just enough to make a colored scum on the surface of a tub of water, is enough, and in this the insect-covered plant may be dipped, inverting the pot and plunging only the plant. If too much oil is used the plant may be injured.

HORSES AT GRASS.—Many teams of fine horses in England and Scotland are without any hay whatever during some parts of the winter months, and yet are in good condition from the abundant supply of oats, straw, beans, grains, swedish turnips, or steamed potatoes. Even bean haulms steamed are regarded as good and sufficient substitutes for hay.

HOG FEED.—Three or four bushels of corn meal, with a quart of salt, in a hogshead of water, stirred occasionally for three or four days until it ferments, is much better and far cheaper than feeding either milk or corn to growing pigs. You can add bran, middlings, or slop to it; and when half used, fill up with water, and so repeat, adding meal and a little salt when needed. This swill will bear a good deal of thinning, and is the cheapest method known of making pork.

PRESERVATION OF MILK.—In Germany, where the cold-water system is carried out in large dairies, an apparently effectual plan has been hit upon for preventing the milk "turning" suddenly in tempestuous weather. A thin iron-wire chain is passed through the milk pans, the ends of which are constantly in the cold water. The fact that milk kept in enamelled or tinned vessels is less liable to sour in hot weather is thought to speak well for this new theory.

POULTRY VS. PORK.—An enthusiastic breeder of poultry says: Farmers will feed a bushel of corn to produce six pounds of pork, while the same amount of corn will keep a good laying hen one year, and she will produce at least twelve dozen eggs, averaging eighteen cents per dozen, which would equal $2.16; in addition she would rear a brood of chickens worth as much more, making a total of nearly five dollars against six pounds of pork at ten cents, equalling sixty cents.

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SATURDAY EVENING, MARCH 1, 1879.

INTERMISSION FROM LABOR.

TEMPERAMENTS seem to differ very widely in the degrees in which they require intervals of intermission from labor. Not to speak of the familiar varieties of constitution with regard to sleep, there is no doubt a similar variety with regard to the power of continuing any one kind of effort for months or years. We have all heard accounts, which sounded almost fabulous to ordinary minds, of writers of fiction who, as one novel is ended, begin another with no more ceremony than their neighbors make of taking a fresh sheet of paper. We see constantly before our eyes the manufacture of some kinds of intellectual tissue which proceeds as uninterruptedly as if by machinery. If the product in such cases is not of the very highest type, the facility of uninterrupted production is almost as wonderful a thing in its way as the power of occasional soaring which belongs to a different order of minds. The minds which produce great works at long intervals may, however, possess, for aught we know, as great a power of continuous labor as those which turn out mental shoddy by the yard. Only the power is more complex: and if we may hazard a guess about such matters, we should suppose that its flow even when steadiest was likely to be composed, as it were, of many currents, which so give place to each other as to afford intervals of relaxation for each. In any great work of imagination, for instance, the creative effort must be much more rapid and transient than the labor of working out details, so that the imagination may fold its wings for a long rest while the hand is carrying out its orders. A highly-organized mind is like a great ship, which pursues its appointed course without pause, though the officers sleep by turns. Smaller craft may have to lie to altogether while the fishermen take their rest.

WITH some, to scold is chronic. Life is one long fret. The flesh is feverish, the nerves are unstrung, the spirit is perturbed and in a state of unrest. The physical condition and the material surroundings may have a strong tendency to disturb our equanimity and to exasperate our feelings; but we are to bear in mind that scolding never did anybody any good, and withal grows to be very uncomfortable to the party who indulges in it. A great deal of practical philosophy is contained in the following womanly confession: When disposed to grumble over things that cannot be helped, I am reminded of a neighbor of mine who once surprised me by throwing away an old, rusty knife. It was one of a set of silver-plated knives, and had been spoiled by carelessness. I asked her why she threw it away. "It is not worth while to be uncomfortable," she said. "Life is short, and I believe in being as happy as I can, and I will be happy so far as I can control circumstances. What's the use keeping a rusty, spoiled knife on the shelf, where it would cut me every time I looked at it by its unpleasant reference to my carelessness? You see, acting on this theory, I have thrown it away. I intend to pursue the same course in everything that puzzles me. What I don't like I shall put away if I can; I will not eat unpalatable food nor associate with disagreeable people, and when I feel discouraged or blue I put on my things and take a pleasant walk or call on some cheerful neighbor and come home cheery myself, with a good appetite for tea. People who are unhappy, discontented and who just enjoy life, don't know how much they miss for want of a little effort on their part to make themselves happy." Is not the lesson which these words embody worth learning?

SANCTUM CHAT.

FARMING on a grand scale, even with the assistance of improved machinery and implements, is a dangerous experiment, and in the West has terminated disastrously. It is estimated that the money sunk during the past ten years in such undertakings amounts to over $100,000,000.

—

PROFESSOR Charot at Paris finds that the electric light has the effect upon very nervous people of throwing them into a mesmeric state, which the Professor calls lethargy. They respond to the gestures of the Professor by imitating them. Dr. Darenberg, in the *Journal des Debats*, call it "the phenomenon of suggestion."

—

PROFESSOR Swing, of Chicago, concludes that "sensationalism" is a term which ought never to be applied to the manner of thought belonging to the pulpit and that is not the duty of the preacher to keep every body awake. He recalls the fact that while even Paul preached a young man went to sleep and fell out of the window.

—

GIRLS are advised by a Chicago physician to always sleep on their backs if they wish to keep crow's feet from the corners of their eyes. "These blemishes," he says, "are the result of sleeping on the sides. The pressure upon the temples and cheeks leaves wrinkles at the corners and underneath the eyes which disappear in a few hours, but finally become so fixed that neither hours nor ablutions will abate them." An advice which no doubt will be faithfully observed.

—

IN Germany school children are instructed to distinguish the most common noxious from beneficial insects, and to collect and destroy the former. In the district of Segeberg, Holstein, the number of May beetles taken by the children last season amounted to 14,196 kilogrammes (about 31,250 pounds) besides 502 pounds weight of the larvæ or grubs of the same insect. Taking the number of beetles to the kilogramme at 929, we have the astonishing number of 13,000,000 of these enemies of the farmer put out of the way of doing harm.

—

SOME statistician has prepared a table of wages and the cost of living in England, with the price of staple articles of commerce, going back as far as the year 1200. During the thirteenth century wages were about 50 cents a week, in the fourteenth 75 cents, and so on slowly until, in the last century, they were $1.87. Wheat in the thirteenth century averaged 71 cents, or 8½ days' labor, a bushel, and now it is worth $1.46 a bushel, or 2½ days' labor. In six centuries meat has nearly trebled in price, but during the same period wages have increased seven fold.

—

ACCORDING to the latest statistics of the Holy Synod there were founded in Russia last year 137 new sects, of which by all odds the most remarkable is that of the Leeches, which exists amongst the peasants of Gajasowetz, in the Government of Valogda. Infants and those of riper years received into it are baptised in blood drawn from a woman, and draughts of warm human blood are given to the new-born children of members. The officials of the province declare that owing to these practices the mortality among the females in the district has greatly increased.

—

A singular custom still prevails in North Wales. When a person supposes himself highly injured, it is not uncommon for him to go to some church dedicated to a celebrated saint and there to offer his enemy. He kneels down on his bare knees in the church and, offering a piece of money to the saint, calls down curses and misfortunes upon the offender and his family for generations to come, in the most firm belief that the imprecations will be fulfilled. Sometimes they repair to a sacred well instead of a church, which is almost worthy of imitation when one considers the terrible results of the more modern spirit of revenge, which generally assumes a murderous guise.

—

ABROAD the favorite marquis ring, which of late has become so fashionable here, still holds the supremacy in rings which have for design the illustrating or embodying of caprice and fancy. Some are shaped into lizards, that twine around the finger, with diamond eyes and tongue. Others are love-knots of gold and enamel, with turquoise. Hoops of gold, caught together with turquoise, or with pearls falling from them, are beautiful but delicate for constant wear, while rings for the little finger are worn more than ever. A broad band is the more suitable for a finger that is left without a guard.

—

ON the last day of April next New York will formally give notice to the world that she "preempts" the year of 1889 for the purpose of holding a great world's fair. This project has been under consideration for several months and has now taken such definite shape that there is no doubt of its being pushed to completion. The day named is the ninetieth anniversary of the inauguration of George Washington as first President of the Republic, and it is the centenary of that event which is to be commemorated by the exhibition ten years after. An influential committee has been formed to conduct the arrangements, and it is contemplated to make the affair national.

—

THE practice in France of fighting duels is likely to continue as long as the Government not only gives its sanction to them in the army, but compels officers, under certain conditions, to have recourse to them. A case in point recently occurred in Algeria. Two officers had a quarrel at mess which, under ordinary circumstances, would have resulted in nothing more than a few days or weeks of misunderstanding. In obedience to command, however, they fought and one was killed. It is held by the military authorities both in Germany and France that the custom is necessary in order to maintain in the army a high degree of esprit de corps; but this opinion is shown to be unsound by the military experience of several modern nations, particularly that of England and the United States.

—

THE latest vagary of the King of Bavaria would make a good foundation for a ghost story. Not satisfied with his usual guests, he ordered a grand dinner to be prepared for fourteen persons, and invited to the feast Louis XIV, and his court. Louis II. himself sat at the head of the table, and the place of honor was supposed to be occupied by the Grand Monarque, the other places being reserved for the twelve courtiers of his reign who were the most renowned for their wit. Thus the Bavarian King dined in solitary grandeur; for I need not say that the ghostly guests were conspicuous by their absence. When the repast was over he went to the riding school, and having carefully calculated how many miles there were between Hohenschwangau and Innspruck, he rode round and round the school until he had accomplished the distance which separates the one place from the other. He, moreover, stopped twice, once to breakfast and another time to dine, as he would have done had the journey been a real one. He did this that he might be able to boast that he had ridden the whole distance from Hohenschwangau to Innspruck.

—

WHILE there are so many brilliantly colored descriptions of the wonderful development of wealth in the mining regions, which keeps adding fresh fuel to all adventurous spirits, and has incited so many to leave happy homes and a prosperous business, to lose them in the uncertainties of mining speculations, there is occasionally a reverse side of the picture drawn, which is more true to the real condition of that field of enterprise, and a correspondent from one of these El Dorado regions truthfully says, while drawing a glorious picture of the immense mineral resources, that it should not tempt anybody to come who is making a living anywhere else. Mining is, at best, an uncertain, self-denying struggle. It may possibly lead to a speedy fortune, but the chances are hardly one in a thousand. It is much more likely to result in a life-long drudgery, hoping against hope, away from friends and family—a worrying, unnerving, and, in instances, a heart-breaking struggle. But for those who feel that they must "try their luck," and who have made up their minds to come here, it may be well to say that winter is not the time to come. It will be better to wait until late in the Spring. Even then winter will be scarcely gone in this region. At this time there is the certainty of many weeks of rough, stormy weather to encounter, with limited accommodations and high expenses, before there is any chance of getting employment or attempting work.

—

PROFESSOR R. C. Kedzie, M. D., President of the State Board of Health of Michigan and professor in the State Agricultural College, lately delivered an address before the Michigan Legislature, in which he explained the manner in which kerosene lamps usually explode, which practical hints should be known by every one who has occasion to use the article. He said: "Some persons seem to think the explosion of a kerosene lamp is caused in the same way as a boiler explosion; namely, by the pressure of the vapor of the oil inside the lamp. In rare instances explosions may be caused in this way; for example, where the ignited oil overflows the lamp and the lamp is enveloped in flame. But explosions usually occur in another way; namely, where the vapor of kerosene is mixed in proper proportions with air, and thus a true explosive mixture is formed which will explode with the force of a gunshot when fired by flame. This explains why a lamp is in more danger of exploding when only partially filled with kerosene, because a large amount of space is filled with the explosive mixture; it is the same as a larger load of powder in a gun. Many persons suppose that there can be no danger of a lamp explosion unless the whole body of the oil in the lamp is heated to the flashing point; that because the temperature of our rooms never rises to 120 degrees there can be no danger in using oil whose flashing point is 120 degrees. But Dr. Baker, secretary of the State Board of Health, has proved by experiment with lamps that an explosive mixture may form and the lamp may explode while the body of oil in the lamp is not above 85 degrees Fahrenheit. The temperature of the body of oil in the lamp is not the only factor to be considered, because different parts of the lamp become very unequally heated. If you will touch the brass collar of a lamp which has been burning for some time you will find it quite hot, and the tube supporting the wick is still more strongly heated. The formation of vapor will be determined by the hottest part of the lamp which comes in contact with the oil. When the combustion is imperfect from any cause, the brass fittings of the lamp become excessively heated. Dr. Baker found in his experiments that when the chimney was removed by breaking or otherwise, and the lamp continued to burn, the temperature of the brass collar rose very rapidly in every instance; in one case in fourteen minutes it rose to 161 degrees and in another case in ten minutes to 155 degrees Fahrenheit. In this last instance very rapid explosions occured by the side of the wick, and to prevent the whole lamp from exploding the light was extinguished. In none of these experiments did the temperature of the body of the oil rise above 85 degrees Fahrenheit. Many persons on leaving a room 'turn down the lamp' to save oil, but such economy is very liable to cause a lamp explosion, which is anything but economical. I know of a case in Charlotte which illustrates the danger of this practice. A lamp in a store was turned down during the absence of the clerk; a person passing saw the lamp explode and by promptly breaking open the store he extinguished the fire. If a light is not needed in a room either extinguish the lamp or leave it burning with the usual blaze."

WHAT?

BY FANNY DRISCOLL.

What does the bird born in a gilded cage
Know of the wild, sweet freedom of the air
Outside—the maid'ning thrill of boundless space,
Bound only by the heavens, blue and fair?

What does the child whose life has never passed
Beyond the inland, narrow, small, unfree,
Know of the grand, calm, passionate, wild soul
That throbs in every movement of the sea?

What does man born blind, and deaf, and dumb,
Know of the sweet, strange secrets of the Earth?
What do the mountains, standing stern and grim,
Know of the rapturous mystery of birth?

What does the woman whose soft, silent lips
Have ne'er been pressed by kisses sweet as pain
And sad as joy—what knows she of a love
That all the storms of Time have never slain?

WEAKER THAN A WOMAN.

CHAPTER XLVIII.

THIS was Violet's response to Felix Lonsdale's request about dead Sir Owen's wealth—

"My dear Felix—I have thought well over the matter recently discussed by us, and I have decided. I know that I am weaker than a woman—but I cannot give up my fortune. It seems to me such a foolish thing to do. After being accustomed to every luxury I could not give it up. I love you, and always shall love you; but the test is too hard. I have pictured myself back in the old scenes, leading the old life, and I could not undergo it. I would cheerfully share all I have with you, but I cannot give it up for you—do you think it quite right to ask me?

"I do not suppose I shall ever be happy, but you will. I am not good enough for you; and, if you had married me, your disappointment would have been great. You will meet some day a noble woman whom you will love and marry. I know that in saying 'good-bye' now, I say it for ever; but for ever I shall be your unhappy,

"VIOLET."

He laid the letter down and looked at it. He had almost expected such an answer, yet his disappointment was great, and his eyes filled with tears. It had been very sweet andd ear to him, this precious love story—and the end was sorrow; still he could not be surprised.

"She had chosen that which she loves best," he said; "and I cannot blame her now. I must try and forget her."

He did it bravely, as he had done it before. He threw his whole heart into his work, and fought inch by inch with the great master-passion of his life.

For some time after that it was rumored in Lilford that Lady Chevenix was not well; that she had lost her color and her spirits; that she was ill and saw no one. Then quite suddenly she sent for Darcy Lonsdale, and told him that she had come to the conclusion that the air of Garswood did not suit her; that for the future she intended to divide her time between London and Paris. To his surprise she added that the Marquis of Renmore had offered to buy the Garswood estates, and that she thought of selling them to him; but it would be only on condition that he retained Darcy Lonsdale as his agent.

After some months, during which Lady Chevenix and Felix never met, this was accomplished; but her ladyship's removal was prevented for a time by the sudden death of Francis Haye. Then Mrs. Haye sold the Limes and went away with her daughter. So it came to pass, before six months was over, the names of Chevenix and Haye were no longer to be found in the county.

Great had been the surprise. The whole neighborhood was stirred. It was much to be regretted that such a change should take place. But Lord Arlington and Captain Hill said gravely that it was the best thing Lady Chevenix could do. She had suffered much at the Hall—she would probably begin quite a new life in an unfamiliar place.

The new occupants of Garswood—the Marquis Renmore with his two maiden sisters and a large household of servants—gave satisfaction to the public in general than the wealthy baronet had done. It was an excellent agency for the Lonsdales, who, by dint of industry and perseverance, were rapidly amassing a fortune. Darcy was growing old, and did not go so often to the office. The "small army" were rapidly growing up. Everything was prosperous and happy where so many trials had once seemed to threaten general destruction. Kate was one of the leading ladies now in Lilford—and very much she enjoyed the position. Time had softened Miss Lester, while Eve had grown more beautiful and *spirituelle*.

Felix worked on steadily. He still made his home with his father; but Katie, in speaking of him, said with tears in her eyes, that some day Providence would reward him for his goodness to them, and that he would find a wife worthy to be his partner for life.

He went to see Evelyn when he had an hour to spare; they were the best friends. Years afterwards he saw how she had guided him without ever seeming to advise—how she had influenced him without ever seeming to use her influence; and when he began the great battle of political life she was at his right hand.

The time that had been foreseen and prophesied had arrived. The borough of Ordstone was vacant, and through the interest of Lord Arlington, Felix had been returned.

It was no surprise, for every one had prophesied it. Genius must and will make its way to the front when it is allied with perseverance and industry; genius alone does little.

"M. P. for Ordstone." Felix Lonsdale was pleased—he exulted as men exult. He had now a foremost place—he had made a name. Like all other men worthy of anything, he was ambitious; and it seemed to him that his ambition would be realized.

On the evening of the day of his election it was some relief to him to escape from the noise of the crowd, and spend a quiet hour with Evelyn. How she rejoiced with him! How she exulted in his success! How wise and sweet she was in her counsel! It seemed to him as though his soul had found one more than a friend.

"My foot is on the first step of the ladder. Eve, how high shall I climb, do you think?"

He never forgot the beautiful earnest look on her fair face as she answered——

"As high as heaven, I hope."

And those few words, from the tender lips of a noble woman, were to him like an eloquent sermon. From that hour his life seemed to have higher and better aims; and into it came no dream of woman's love, until one day, Kate having some leisure, had a long conversation with him.

"Can you understand an allegory, Felix?" she asked him.

"Yes, I think so," he replied. "Try me, *madre*."

"There was once a man," began Kate, "who stood with his feet firmly planted upon the earth, and his eyes very often looking up at the clouds. At his feet lay a most beautiful pearl of priceless value, and at a distance lay a worthless piece of shining glass. This man of whom I speak trod upon the pearl until it was almost hidden in the dust, while he went eagerly in search of the bit of glass. Do you understand, Felix?" she asked, after a few minutes.

"Only very vaguely, *madre*. I am the man. I recognize the bit of shining glass, but not the pearl."

"Not the pearl!" repeated Kate. "Well! that proves what I have often thought, that, while men may be clever and intellectual, they may, at the same time, be blind as bats. That pearl has been under your eyes for many years. Ah, I see you do not understand!"

Nor did he. Kate went on talking to him.

"You will be a man of mark, Felix—every one says so. But you will be like all other men; you will want a good wife. If the facts could be got at it would be found that some of the greatest men of the day, owe much of their fame to the wise guidance of a wise wife."

"I believe that," he replied; "—ah, well, we need not talk about it, *madre*. I suppose a man's fate is settled for him."

"A man's fate is just what he likes to make it," declared Kate. "When you are inclined to marry, never mind beauty, look out for a noble woman—nobility of character is better than beauty."

The words struck him as being but the repetition of other words written to him.

"The world is full of noble women," Kate continued. "Look at Eve Lester. Where would you find one sweeter, more gracious or noble? She is true and tender and earnest; she has a fund of clear common sense; she has a vivid bright imagination, a quick poetical fancy; and, as for beauty, I see more in her sweet fair face than in any face I have ever seen."

"Eve Lester!" he cried. "Certainly no woman could be nobler. Oh, *madre*, is she the pearl?"

"Yes, you most blind, most dear, most obtuse of good boys! She is the pearl, and you never saw her in your hurry to pick up the worthless shining colored glass."

Eve Lester. How blind he had been! He looked up at Kate.

"Do you know, *madre*," he said, "she has been so much a part of my life—all my life—that I have never thought of her apart from myself."

[A wise woman always knows when she has said enough. Kate turned the conversation; nor could he persuade her to say more about Eve. But the idea had taken hold of him; and Kate smiled softly to herself on seeing how deeply he was engrossed in thought during the remainder of that evening.

Felix had never realized until then what Eve was to him. He went back over all his life. She had been his adviser, his counsellor, his friend. She had aroused all noble thoughts in him, all great desires. She had fired his ambition; she had shown him his road in life. He had never dreamed how much he owed to her influence until he thought all this over.

He remembered how, in the darkest hour of his father's life, when earth was all cold, and the heavens seemed made of brass, she came to his house like an angel of light and consolation. She had offered him her all, and was honestly grieved when he would not take it. As Felix sat thinking of her, he recalled a thousand instances of her sweet wisdom and goodness.

"It is true," he mused; "we are sometimes perfectly ignorant of our greatest blessings. I should never have known all that Eve has been to me until I lost her."

Under this new light, he said to himself that he must see her, he must go over and talk to her, he must discover what she really was to him—how dear, how needful—and he would do it at once; there should be no delay.

He went the next day, and the result of their conversation was that he did not leave her until she had promised to be his wife; for he found that she loved him, and had loved him only all her life—he found out that he had indeed been blind and foolish, for she was really the one great treasure of his life.

The engagement afforded the greatest of pleasure to all their friends; there was not one dissentient voice.

And now indeed Kate Lonsdale was happy.

"I shall be the dowager Lady Lonsdale," she said to Eve, with a happy laugh. "There has been only one mistake from the beginning. Felix ought to have chosen you from the first."

"It is sufficient," returned Eve, "that he has chosen me now."

She asked him one day:

"Why do you always call me 'Pearl,' Felix? It is not my name."

"It is my name for you," he replied, "and I shall use no other."

But he never told her why; the past conversation between Kate and himself remained a secret.

There could have been no happier marriage. Felix had a beautiful house prepared for his wife—not the pretty cottage orne where his golden-haired love had stood and decided that it was not good enough for her, but a fair and pleasant mansion, standing in the midst of sunny grounds—a home that a princess might have envied because of its artistic beauty and bright aspect.

It was a quiet wedding, but Eve would have it so. She would have neither carriages nor a train of bridesmaids, nor children strewing flowers, nor any of the ceremonies that attend a country public wedding. She walked quietly to the dear old church at Lilford, looking very fair and sweet, with the light flush caused by the morning air on her face. The sunlight streamed in at the windows as she plighted her faith to the only man she had ever loved, and whom she was to love forever.

Then Felix took her away to the Lakes, and they were very happy.

They were sitting one day on the border of Windermere, when Eve raised her sweet face to her husband and said:

"Felix you love me very much now?"

"Yes, my pearl—more than you know," he replied.

"Do you—do not be cross with me because I ask the question—do you ever think of Violet?"

He took her hands in his own and kissed them.

"Listen, darling," he said. "I will answer you in other words than my own—sweeter indeed than any words I could say:

"'Within the kingdom of my soul
I bid you enter, love, to-day—
Submit my life to your control,
And give my heart up to your sway.

"'One only thought remains apart,
And will forever so remain:
There is one chamber in my heart—
Where even you might knock in vain.

"'A haunted chamber, long ago,
I closed it, and I cast the key
Where deep and bitter waters flow
Into a waste and silent sea.

"'Dear, it is haunted. All the rest
Is yours; but I have shut that door
Forever now. 'Tis even best
That I should enter it no more.

"'No more. It is not well to stay
With ghosts: their very look would scare
Your joyous loving smile away—
So never try to enter there.

"'Check, if you love me, all regret
That this one thought remains apart;
Now let us smile, dear, and forget
The haunted chamber in my heart.'"

When he had finished, he bent down and kissed the fair face, and Eve knowing the way to his heart, said—

"I am quite content, and I trust you."

And they talked of other things, while the sun shone over the lake and the birds sang their sweetest.

CHAPTER XLIX, AND LAST.

Five years had passed since Felix took his fair wife home to Eden House—he would call it "Eden" because it held his Eve—and Eve was now one of the happiest women in the kingdom. For in the room where she spent her mornings—a bright sunny room looking upon a beautiful world of trees and flowers—stood a little cot, and in this cot slept a baby—Eve's baby. He was, his mother said, the loveliest, the finest, the most intelligent in the whole world; and Felix laughed as she defied anyone to produce such another.

Felix wanted Eve to accompany him for the Parliamentary Session. She looked longingly at the baby, and then longingly at him.

"How can I possibly leave little Lester?" she said. "Aunt Jane would take great care of him, but she says he want reforming—and I should not like to have him reformed."

"Bring him with you, Pearl, and he can assist the Legislature of the nation," replied Felix laughingly.

And Eve was only too pleased to comply.

No happier household ever settled for a time in the modern Babylon. Felix took very nice apartments, where his wife could enjoy London to her heart's content.

Eve was wise in one respect. She never merged the wife in the mother. She never neglected her husband for her child. She was so discreet and wise in the management of her time that, while she was one of the most devoted mothers in the world, she was at the same time one of the most devoted wives. Felix never felt, as some husbands do, that he had a rival in his own child.

They went to London when Parliament opened, and when May came round the great city wore its fairest dress.

They sat at breakfast one bright morning, with "the unequalled," as Felix called him, rolling on a thick rug at her feet, when a letter was brought addressed to "Mrs. Felix Lonsdale, 13 Upper Park Gardens," and, as he placed it in his wife's hands, Felix recognized the delicate handwriting, while he smelt a faint odor of violets.

Eve opened it quickly, and then, pale and breathless, looked up at her husband.

"Listen, Felix," she said, after a few seconds; and she read:

"My dear Eve,—I should like to see you and Felix once more. My husband is not well, and the doctors have ordered him to go to the South of France or Italy—we think of going to Florence—and it may be years before I return. Let me see you both before I go. When I read your names amongst the arrivals, it seemed to me that a breath of Lilford air passed over me. You will not refuse me the last favor I shall ever ask from you? Call at Rokely House at two o'clock to-day. I shall wait for you.

"Ever your friend,

"VIOLET ROKELY."

Eve looked up again.

"Rokely!" she said. "Why, Felix, is Violet married again?"

"She married the Duke of Rokely three months ago," replied Felix. "I said nothing to you about it. She married one of the wealthiest dukes in England."

"She was beautiful enough for a duchess," said Eve gently.

"She is not so beautiful in my eyes as you, my pearl," rejoined Felix—and there was truth in his voice. His wife smiled.

"What about the haunted chamber?" she asked.

"It is swept and garnished," he replied. She smiled proudly.

"When I heard what you said about it, I made a resolution that I would get into the haunted chamber," she told him. "Some one said once that blondes were all insipid and weak of purpose. It is not true, is it, Felix?"

"No," he replied.

"Now," said his lovely wife, "if I looked into that chamber what should I see?"

"Your own image," he answered; and she believed him.

"We will go and see Violet, Duchess of Rokely," she said, "if you are willing. That is not the letter of a happy woman."

She understood why he was so anxious about her toilet—why he insisted that she should wear the fashionable spring silk and the pretty Parisian bonnet. He kissed her her when she stood ready dressed.

"I am so proud of you, my darling," he whispered.

And those few words brought a lovely flush to her fair face and made her fairer than ever; then they drove off together to Rokely House.

It was one of the finest ducal mansions in London. Eve was awe struck as the great hall door opened and she saw the liveried servants and the magnificence that might have befitted the palace of a king. Her Grace the Duchess of Rokely was at home, and awaited them.

They went through suite after suite of magnificent rooms until they reached her Grace's own boudoir, where she had elected to receive them. It was a superb apartment—octagon shaped—the panels and ceiling most exquisitely painted, the hangings all of blue velvet and gold; priceless treasures of art lavishly scattered around, buhl, marquetry, old china, rare pictures, most exquisite statues—ornaments of gold and silver; and in the midst of all this magnificence stood an imperially beautiful woman, who looked

at it all with proudly contemptuous eyes.

Violet had grown even more beautiful. Her superb figure was more fully developed; her fair face had something in it haughtier and colder. Very proud she looked as she stood there, dressed in her favorite colors, blue and white—a dress of blue velvet relieved by trimmings of white silk. In one hand she held a priceless fan; the other white and jewelled hand lay upon the table.

Her lovely face grew white even to the lips as Eve and Felix entered the gorgeous room—but she advanced to meet them; she took Eve's hand in her own, and looked at Felix.

"I am so glad to see you. It was kind of you to come. I longed to see you both before I went. Sit down and talk to me—tell me all about Lilford. I shall never see it again."

Very soon Eve told her all she knew; and then, as Lilford—to her—meant the baby, she entered into a description of his charms. Was she mistaken, or did she really see tears shining in the proud eyes?

"I am so glad you have a little son, Felix. I hope he will grow up like you, as good, as true, and as noble." Violet's face flushed, and she bent her proud charming head before them. "I may never see you again," she said; "let me say out to you all the thoughts that are in my heart. I am glad that you are married. I am glad, Eve, that Felix has found comfort in your love,—love him always, love him truly, love him well; and—oh, believe me, Eve!—if you have little daughters, teach them that life holds no treasure like love; that wealth, fame, titles, honors, are the shadow, love the substance."

"I shall be sure to teach them so, for I believe it," remarked sweet, wise Eve.

"I was always weaker than a woman," declared Violet, with a proud sad smile "I flung a treasure from me and lost it. Now I have everything that in my wildest dreams I ever longed for. I wear a coronet; the world lies at my feet; and with it all, when I wake sometimes, my pillow is wet with tears; for my heart is lonely, and will be lonely until I die. Still I have made my own choice."

Felix saw a beautiful Sevres vase on the table near which she stood; it held a spray of lilac.

"You retain your love for the old home-flowers," he said.

She took the lilac from the vase, and held it to her lips.

"I keep them near me always," she said, "when they are in bloom. Do you remember the lilac bushes at home, Felix?"

Yes, he remembered them—and how he suffered the bitterness of death, while the wet branches waved above his head.

Then she asked some questions about their home and their home life.

"You are very happy?" she said. "Tell me that; it will be the pleasantest thing I can hear."

"Yes," replied Felix, "we are very happy."

She drew a costly ring from her finger.

"Eve," she said, "wear this for my sake—it would grieve me so much if you refused. Now put your arms round my neck—you, the true wife of a true man—and kiss me. Say 'Good bye, Violet.' I never hear my own name now, and I am tired of titles."

Felix held her hand one minute in his own.

"Good-bye," she said. "In the midst of your happy life do not quite forget me; try to remember me as you knew me years ago—not as you know me now."

And they went away, leaving her, in the midst of her desolate splendor, with the spray of lilac in her hand.

[THE END.]

STRANGE POISONING.—A singular case of arsenical poisoning recently occurred in Colorado. A young lady mysteriously became ill. Her appetite failed, her face became ghastly pallid, her features bloated, and the lower limbs swelled. Her body was racked by intense pain, and finally her condition became so unendurable that she almost longed for death. The physician was satisfied from the signs that she was suffering from poison, but the most rigid investigation failed to reveal the methods by which she had received the poison. One day the doctor saw the young lady's wash when it came home, and the singular lustre of the linen struck him as remarkable. He seized upon this as a possible clew, and upon interviewing the negro washerwoman, discovered that she used arsenic in her starch. Then the whole case was plain. The patient was afflicted by arsenic poison produced by absorption.

Two boys came from Springfield, Mass., to New York, in 1865, on an excursion gotten up by two of the churches to see the Great Eastern. One of the boys went through on a half-fare ticket, saying that he was under fifteen years of age, though he was really over it. He now lives in Hartford, Conn., and has just written to the churches that he is willing to pay the difference in the fare with interest. His conscience has been troubling him.

THE EVERLASTING PITY.

As lies the blue behind the thunder-cloud,
As lurk the snowdrops 'neath the drifted snow,
As the bright buds till April calls aloud
Hide deep within the black and leafless bough,
So, despite care and sorrow, loss and fret,
God's loving pity guards His children's fates;
Oh, in our darkness let us trust Him yet,
Whose Comforter each patient soul awaits.

Believe the rankling wound in love is sent,
Believe the grief in chastening mercy comes,
And so the bitter 'why' to faith will melt,
And sorrow smile among her darling's tombs
Watching the violets gem the grassy lane
That late in desolate winter chill we trod,
Let the sweet flowers preach to the lonely pain
The everlasting pity of our God.

Misunderstood.

BY M.

"NO one understands me—no one. There is no congenial spirit in the whole wide world," sighed Caleb Simmons, as he read the publisher's letter. "I was a fool," he said loftily, "to hope that a man who makes a trade—a base trade, of the noblest powers of the human mind, should comprehend the breathing and burning aspirations of my soul;" and though Caleb was really very unhapy, he found great comfort in thinking what a low-minded individual was the writer of the letter before him.

Caleb Simmons was a very respectable and amiable young man, but he had unfortunately conceived the idea that he was a poet, because he could sometimes write verses which were not intolerably bad, and with which he occupied, week after week, the poet's corner of "The Jonesville Sun." Though they were never read by any one in particular, yet they were in print, and to the mind of their author at least furnished proof sufficient that he was a great poet, who only needed to be known, to be appreciated and receive the enthusiastic admiration of the public. Caleb's verses were very much admired by his two younger brothers. Algernon, his elder brother, was rather more sparing of his praises, and declared that Cale would never be worth a straw if he kept on in that line of business, and kindly offered him a share in his own business; but he rejected the advice and the offer as coming from "an uncongenial spirit;" and continued to write until he had collected a quantity of mediocre verses, enough to make a large volume, should they be published.

He was the third son; there were two more to come after him, for Mrs. Simmons had died sixteen years before our story opens, leaving no daughter. Mr. Simmons wished earnestly, he said, that "Caleb would take hold and do something." Charley and Elbert could help him enough about the farm. Charley was only seventeen, but he could do a better day's work than his elder brother, and even Elbert, who was still younger, often surpassed Caleb at harvest. The truth was, Caleb considered work as below his genius, and seldom or never worked with a hearty good will, not remembering the words of the wise man of the olden time, "Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might."

Being a poet, Caleb had of course fallen in love; he considered that part of his profession a duty; but when he ventured to offer his lady-love a poem, in which the state of his feelings was set forth, adorned with countless adjectives, pretty Emily Wood, after a vain effort to keep her countenance, had burst into a fit of irrepressible laughter, at the verse where she was compared to Dido, Minerva, and Joan of Arc, all at a time; her lover had set her down at once as an "uncongenial spirit"

This misfortune, however, only furnished new stock in trade to our youthful bard. He at once came to the conclusion that his heart was broken and congratulated himself on being a "fellow that had losses." He was quite vexed to find himself hungry when he arrived at home after his return from Mr. Wood's. He sat up that night to write four bitter effusions upon blighted hopes, crushed affections, and so forth, and said that "The sun of his life had sunk under seething billows of dark despair, which covered his storm-tossed soul, but that he was going to hide them under a veil—a bitter and hollow veil of delusive joy." Several figures, considered according to the usual rules of composition, but when one is inspired, and has a broken heart, one cannot stand upon trifles. He found that these verses, if added to his former stock, would complete the volume, and he forthwith determined to publish. The manuscript was soon prepared, and in spite of his father's advice, sent to a well-known publishing house. In a week it was returned with a very polite though decided letter, to the effect that the firm could not think of undertaking to publish "The Lady of Granada and other Poems;" the receipt of which ungrateful intelligence was the cause of the bitter soliloquy quoted at the opening of my tale.

"How d'ye do, Caleb?" cried his brother Algernon, bursting into the room, with his whip in his hand. "Hollo! What is the matter? Why, you look as if you had lost every friend you have in the world. Come, tell me; don't look so disconsolate."

Though Algernon was uncongenial, there was something in the tone of sympathy that opened Caleb's heart, and he told his brother the whole story. "And now there is the end of it all," he concluded, as he gave Algernon the publisher's letter, and then—he could not help it—he dropped his head upon the table, and fairly cried. Poor Caleb! The disappointment was none the less bitter because his poems were nothing above mediocrity. They were his, and he loved them, every one, as though they had been his children.

"Why, brother, I'm sorry you feel so down-hearted about this," said Algernon. "Come, now, don't. Let me see it," continued the elder, kindly, after a pause, during which Caleb did not raise his head, and poor Algernon was dreadfully uncomfortable between his pity for his friend, and his conviction that the publisher was not altogether unreasonable. "Let me see it, wont you? Come."

Algernon seemed to have an idea, that there was a great power in the word, and so he asked him affectionately to "come," again.

Caleb raised his head at last, and disconsolately pushed the manuscript toward his brother, who opened at the effusion entitled:

THE BARD'S LAMENT.

"A broken heart is mine, my friend,
A broken heart is mine;
O, ask me not my brow to wreathe,
With tendrils of the vine."

"Who ever did ask you, Caleb?" said his brother, simply. The poet turned away without reply, thinking mournfully that "no one understood him."

"Beneath my cold and smiling lip,
The sigh will often start;
And O! reflect, a stifled worm
Is gnawing at my heart."

"Go, call the cruel tiger kind,
And press him to thy heart;
Go nurse the lawless lion's mind,
And say, 'how good thou art.'

"Go, say thou all that mortal may—
Do all that mortal can;
But O, for mercy, never say
There's gratitude in man."

"Look here, now, Caleb, you don't really think that, do you?" asked the elder.

"Yes, I do," answered the younger, bitterly.

"O, no you don't, remonstrated Algernon, 'because you happen to be a man yourself, you know, and I am sure you would not set yourself up above all the rest of creation in that way."

There was something in this view of the case, and Caleb was silent.

"Now I don't want to distress you, but just read over these verses, and tell me candidly, what you think of them."

He had a distrustful feeling that he might not find them quite so deep as he had at first thought them, but reluctantly enough he complied with the request.

They were absurd, certainly. What could be the object of complimenting a lion in that style, and so affectionately saluting a tiger. He turned page after page, and one passage after another struck his eye as being weak, foolish, positively ridiculous. How could he have been so blind?

"What do you think, Caleb?" asked his brother.

It was a hard acknowledgement to make, but Caleb was not without sense, nor more falsely proud than other mortals.

"You are right," he said. "You are perfectly right. They are not worth reading after all," and he turned aside, for his lip quivered.

"That's right, manly and honorable said Algernon, cheeringly. "Now what shall you do? Because isn't it most time you did something? It's hard work for the best writers to live by their pens, sometimes, I'm told, and how do you think you can make a living at it? because a living must be made, you know."

"No, I cannot."

"Well, then, Caleb, wont you take the offer I made you a year ago; I should like to have you with me right well," said the elder, affectionately; "and you know it would please father better than anything else in the world;" and Algernon took his brother's hand.

"Yes, I will, and thank you for it heartily," said Caleb, at last, returning the pressure. "I have been very foolish," he continued, with an effort; "but I will try and do something worth while, hereafter." And though Caleb did not know it, there was more poetry in these simple words than there was in the whole of "The Lady of Grenada."

And he did try, and succeeded. He seldom writes verses now, and still more seldom exhibits them. He has come to the sensible conclusion that "a poet must be born, and not made."

A Kentucky divine writes to a New York paper: "Your mention of the minister who prayed 'If Thou remembereest,' etc., is more than equaled. It was a Monday morning prayer-meeting and the preacher prayed, 'Thou hast seen by the morning papers how the Sabbath was desecrated yesterday.

BRIC-A-BRAC.

RUSSIAN ROOFS.—All over Russia, where people cannot afford copper or gold, they paint their domes, pinnacles, and spires green. The metal roofs of nearly all the Muscovite houses are covered with the favorite hue, though often too yellow to suit Western eyes—green in the setting of green.

KISSING.—"My hand to a gentleman, my cheek to a friend; but my lips must be kept for my lover," says the French girl; and surely this rule is a wise one. Pretty girls among the French kiss each other on both cheeks. The German men put their arms about each other and kiss the lips. The Italians kiss the lips and cheek and the tip of the fair one's ear. So do the Spaniards.

CHINESE LADIES PETS.—Chinese ladies visit each other occasionally, chat together, embroider, drink tea, eat sweetmeats, and get out their pets and set them to fighting. These creatures are not cats, or dogs, or parrots, or monkeys, but crickets. They are not just like any crickets we have. They are about as large as our grasshoppers, and look very much like them, with their drab coats, and long spindle legs, and knowing eyes. They are easy to tame, and each lady has her special pet, which she keeps in a beautifully carved little bamboo cage.

THE CAMEL AS A SCAPEGOAT.—A very singular account of the use to which a camel is sometimes put, is given by the traveler Bruce. He tells us that he saw one employed to appease a quarrel between two parties, something in the same way as the scapegoat was used in the religious services of the Jewish people. The camel being brought out was accused by both parties of all the injuries, real and supposed, which belonged to each. All the mischief that had been done they accused the camel of doing. They upbraided it with being the cause of all the trouble that had separated friends, called it by every opprobrious epithet, and finally killed it, and declared themselves reconciled over its body.

A STRANGE PROMISSORY NOTE.—A superstitious old Japanese woman holds probably the most remarkable promissory note on record. She was afflicted with gangrene of her left leg, and after trying all known remedies in vain, the doctor was compelled to amputate it. The old woman raised a loud outcry at this, saying that if the leg was taken away she could not use it in heaven when she died, but would be compelled to hobble about to all eternity. The physician, to allay her superstitious fears, drew up a promissory note, binding himself to take good care of the member during her life, and at her death to restore it in ample time to afford her its use in the world to come.

THE TEXAS TARANTULA.—The tarantula is the desperado of the spider family; it frequently attains the size of the hand, and with its great glaring black eyes and frightful claws seldom fails to present an appearance so formidable that a sensitive lady, even if used to seeing the tarantula, will scream at the sight. The tarantula is, in fact, only a big spider, and usually makes his home on the open prairie, dwelling with his family in a nest concealed beneath the tall grass. If you attack him in his retreat, you will very soon repent your temerity, for he springs at you like a tiger, jumping to an astonishing height—sometimes three or four feet. He is one of the most poisonous of the family, and his bite is said to be more fatal than that of the rattlesnake.

INGENIOUS RASCALITY.—A most ingenious piece of rascality has just been perpetrated upon a wealthy French merchant living near Paris. He received a letter telling him that a box of treasure was hidden in his garden, and that the writer would reveal the spot if he was allowed to take half the money. After some hesitation the merchant accepted these terms, and his correspondent soon paid him a visit. Sure enough a chest was discovered containing $1,600 in silver. The stranger took his half, but finding it very heavy asked the merchant to give him notes for his share. The merchant was only too pleased to accommodate his benefactor, and was in high glee until he found that all the silver pieces were counterfeit.

LOVE OF FLOWERS.—One pleasant feature of Paris is, that here and there, even in the densest quarters, you may see, peeping over lofty walls, or at the bottom of some tunnel like archway, fragments of groves, which, on nearer acquaintance, will be found to be cooled by fountains and adorned by statuary. Those who cannot enjoy the luxury of a plat of ground, make gardens in green boxes on their window-sills, or buy pots of sweet basil, the heliotrope, nightshade, jasmine, and mignonette. On certain days of the year—the Ste. Marie, for example, every third person being called by that name—the streets of Paris resemble a fragrant Birnam Wood. Everybody is moving about, bearing gigantic bouquets or portentous pots of flowers; for it is the custom to make presents of this kind on such occasions. The imperial flower is the violet—a singular desecration of that modest child of the woods.

VEILED PORTRAITS.

BY A. R. R.

There is a dim room filled with silent forms
[illegible]
[illegible]
And I pace on through shadows spectral,
And search for the rusted key
That opens the ghostly chamber
Where the veiled portraits be.

And I peer through the dreamy half-light
At the pictures on the wall:
Some draped in a mist of glory,
And some in a [illegible] canvas,
Like the beautiful hues of even;
And the tender grace of one who came
Betwixt my soul and Heaven.

There are pictures sketch'd in the prefaces,
When life was a sealed book,
Of the barefoot children who used to wade
For mint in the meadow brook.
[illegible]
[illegible]
And they beckon with shadowy fingers,
And they charm me with music low,
As I sit and dream in the weird like light—
[illegible]
And slowly the [illegible] is fading,
And slowly the [illegible]
As I go from the phantom chamber
With the portraits on the wall.

The Mystery.

BY VIOLENNE.

MRS. NELLIE ARCHER was one of the prettiest little widows that ever looked fascinating in the flutter of black ribbons and transparent crapes; yet, somehow, no one was ever jealous of the affectionate, warm-hearted beautiful young widow. For was she not always ready to help the helpless, care for the careless, and think for the thoughtless? You couldn't help wondering what people did in the benighted times before Mrs. Archer came on to the stage of life, so indispensable did she seem to human comfort.

So, of course, the very evening of the day that Mildred Wilton became engaged to Henry Forrest, she came up through the evening twilight, with incense of flowers scattered on her path, and tiny fire fly lamps hung in all the bushes to illume her way, to tell Nelly about it. It was just as natural as thinking aloud.

"In love, you dear, foolish thing!" said Mrs. Archer, laughingly, imprisoning both Mildred's fluttering hands and looking archly under the down sweeping fringes of her timid eyes. "Well, every woman must come, sooner or later, to the time when some great six-footer becomes glorified in her sight, and whose words are like the law and the prophets. May you never awake from the blissful dream, love!"

* * * * *

"He is so changed, somehow!" said Mildred.

The moon, which had been a narrow slit of pearl when Henry Forrest first whispered his love into Mildred's willing ear, was now on the wane, and poor Mildred was crying on Mrs. Archer's shoulder.

"How, dearest?" said Nelly, stroking the dark disheveled hair while she pressed her cool cheek against Mildred's burning forehead.

"He is so grave and self absorbed," replied Mildred, "and when he looks at me it is with such a pitying glance. And two or three times some unspoken sentence has quivered on his lips. Nelly, do you suppose—can it be possible that he has ceased to love me, and wishes to be released from our engagement?"

"Not a bit of it love," said Nelly; "don't distress your dear little head. It will all come right I am sure. You know that financial affairs are in a very critical state just now and all business men are necessarily anxious."

"Do you think that is all?" murmured Mildred, gradually hushing her sobs and drawing closer to her comforter, as a child distressed by sorrowful dreams clings to its soothing nurse.

"Of course it is," said Nelly. "And now love it is growing late, and I must send you home. Go by the upper path, Mildred. It is so damp down the road along the river side."

What possessed her to set out by the river side in spite of Mrs. Archer's warning? Perhaps because that way was near—perhaps because the finger of fate was on the long, lonely path. Certainly a dense mass of silver cedar woods that skirted the road, the sound of low voices made her start behind the trees with an uneasy consciousness that she was not alone. The voices came nearer, and as the speakers emerged into the uncertain moonlight from the narrowest place where the road wound through a deep glen her heart stood still with horror. She knew the persons well. Was this the reason that Nelly had desired her to go by the widow path? Oh false friend, henceforth I ever I no need to ask why Henry was changed!

"Nelly, you are an angel—what should I do without you?" she heard him say, as they passed at the path that led to Mrs. Archer's home. Nelly shook her head, laughingly

"Maud," she said "not a word of this to Mildred—poor little Mildred!"

There are times when a minute seems to compress into its seconds all the bitterness of years—and our readers may judge, if they can, how long this night was to Mildred Wilton's breaking heart.

By morning's faint dawn, however, Mildred's resolves were all taken. She would release Henry Forrest from his troth, though her own heart-strings parted—but she never would see Mrs. Archer more. Ah! why had she not suspected the double dealing before?

"Why, Mildred dear, you don't seem a bit glad to see me this morning!" said Henry Forrest, playfully pulling away the hand that shaded Mildred's tear-stained eyes, and looking lovingly into her face. "Why, what's the matter? You have been crying! Well, I suppose I mustn't ask any questions. I came, little one, to ask if you would allow me to fix Thursday week for our wedding day?"

"My wedding day will not come Henry Forrest," returned Mildred, controlling her agitation by a strong effort. "I release you from your engagement from this moment."

"What do you mean?" exclaimed Henry. "Release me! but I won't be released!"

"Do not let us prolong this painful interview," said Mildred, tremulously. "I was accidentally by the river-side last night, and witnessed the parting between you and Mrs. Archer."

"Well, what of it?" said Henry, still in a state of bewilderment.

"Nothing," faltered Mildred, almost inaudibly; "only if I had known earlier that your affections were transferred from me to Mrs. Archer, I should the sooner have set you free from all allegiance towards me?"

She broke down here, the poor little heroine, and burst into a passion of tears.

"My darling Milly!" exclaimed Henry, as if a sudden light had broken on his perplexity, "will you hear my explanation? Mrs. Archer made me promise secrecy; but she never could have foreseen these circumstances. My affections have been securely placed beyond my keeping ever since I saw one Miss Mildred Wilton. I never dreamed of transferring them, and couldn't if I were to try. But, dearest Milly, since our engagement, I have become a comparatively poor man, through the failure of business men with whom I was indirectly involved, and I trembled lest it should be my duty to ask you to wait years for me, or even to give me up; for, Milly, I could not ask you to marry a beggar. But Mrs. Archer so earnestly desired the marriage to go on, that she has nobly placed a large portion of her wealth in my hands—as a loan, of course—to enable me to begin the world once more. The sun of fortune, thanks to Mrs. Archer, is beginning to shine on me once again, and I come to claim you as my bride."

"Then she does not love you?" murmured Mildred, her eyes sparkling through her tears like a rainbow.

"Love me?" he repeated; "I should think not; but I can tell you whom she does love—your brother Ashley, who is nearly as jealous at our business interviews as your little self. They are over now, Milly, and I shouldn't wonder if we had two weddings one of these days."

Mildred Wilton cried upon her lover's strong, manly breast, but they were not bitter tears. Nor could she rest until she had confessed everything to Nelly Archer, who, being a merciful little lady, kissed and forgave her in the same breath.

As Henry Forrest had foretold, there was a double wedding in the old village church; and Mrs. Ashley Wilton, in her soft white bridal robes, was even prettier than Nelly Archer, the widow, had been.

THE HAIR.

The quantity and color of the hair was a subject of speculative theory for the ancients. Lank hair was considered indicative of pusillanimity and cowardice, yet the head of Napoleon was guiltless of a curl. Frizzy hair was thought an indication of courageous. The hair most in esteem was that terminating in ringlets. Dares, the historian, states that Achilles and Ajax Telamon had curling locks, such also was the hair of Tamon the Armenian. As to the Emperor Augustus, nature had favored him with such redundant locks that no hair-dresser in Rome could procure for the Autocrat a coat brown was the most the most elongated as portending rule, valor, industry, a peaceful disposition, as well as a great susceptibility to the tender passion. Castor and Pollux had brown hair so had Mercury. Bacchus's hair does not appear to have been curled. By the Romans, tall red was an object of aversion. Ages before the time of Judas, red hair was thought a mark of reprobation, both in the case of Typhon who deprived his brother of the sceptre of Egypt, and Nebuchadnezzar who deprived him of his senses. Even the donkey tribe suffered from this prejudice; visitation, according to the proverb of "wicked as a red ass." Asses of that color were held in such detestation among the Copts that every year they sacrificed one by hurling it from a high wall.

A Noble Victory.

BY H. R. ENGLE.

ONCE upon a time not far distant, there was a battle fought and won of which no tidings reached the world.

Its marshalled forces assembled silently and the trumpet blast that sounded for the conflict, penetrated not the spaces filled with the clamors of traffic and business.

It was in a kingdom in revolt against itself that the warfare raged; against the authority of reason a mob had arisen and threatened wide-spread anarchy.

A woman royally beautiful headed the insurgent troops; her voice was that of a syren, her movements were those of a grace; her witcheries were irresistible; her smile lured thousands; her scarlet robe embroidered with gold, trailed after her magnificently; this leader's name was Pleasure.

Her handmaidens were two youthful cupbearers, whose names were Folly and Recklessness: into the brimming, ruby and topaz-colored draught they offered, they cast a drug that sealed the conscience in a nerveless sleep, and threw the glamor of enjoyment over heinous wrongs. There was music, loud and riotous, in the train of the self crowned Queen; there followed a multitude in festal robes, garlanded with flowers, keeping time with dancing steps. All grades of life were represented; all classes revelled there; gray-haired and tottering old men clutched at the Queen's garments as she passed, and cried out for more of her thornless roses. Youths and maidens sang their welcome songs to greet her; gay banners flaunted from the house tops, and the dense crowd cheered and vociferated, and vowed their allegiance unto death.

He who had hitherto led so pure and simple a life beneath the sway of reason, felt his brain whirl with new and dazzling flashes of thought. The new life opening before him was so brilliant with color, sunshine and joy; the old life was so tame and common place. How beautiful were those maiden attendants of the royal Queen! Tumultuous sensations stirred the soul of Victor. [illegible] he not join their ranks. He [illegible] at the promises of the Queen's herald, surely, she would be [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] speech [illegible] were in her mind the spell upon him [illegible] was powerful.

Youth craved but indulgence, weary of the struggle of brain and hand; the intellect craved a fresh excitement and jaded and weary of its toil, longed for forbidden stimulants. The eye and fancy found delight in resting on the gorgeous pageantry displayed. Ambition found a shorter road to eminence and care, and grief, thought, and trouble met with forgetfulness in the rosy bowl.

"To live and to enjoy," was the golden motto on the scarlet banner; Victor sighed and longed for the realization. He saw so many of his dearest friends enlisted on that side; so many blossoming Hopes and sweet cloud hued illusions; so much unwary innocence; so many dear familiar faces there; why was it not best for him to join them? The vast army passed on, but it looked like a cavalcade of Mirth; with its wagon loads of dainties, its sumptuous appointments, its idle retainers. These gaudily attired pleasure-seekers, were they fit soldiers for the battle of Life?

"Come with us!" shouted the swaying, [illegible] laughing multitude. And Folly tinkled the softest music from her [illegible] bells, and Recklessness held aloft her tambourine and struck it wildly; and the Herald shouted himself hoarse; and the Queen smiled to the right and to the left, and turned the heads of men, and lured their hearts unwisely. The enchantment [illegible] [illegible] and Victor, dazzled by the Queen's most bewitching smile, approached her with design to kneel and vow allegiance.

But, at that moment, a fairy like touch fell on his arm, a sweet, low voice restrained him. The grave and patient monitress, the angel countenanced of our Father to guide and keep humanity, stood by his side, with uplifted finger of warning, with the persuasion of holy love.

"Stay," said Conscience, "and then decide. I will summon a great an encounter as the Syren yonder. Believe and obey."

Faith came forward a [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] with [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] a wand [illegible] [illegible] power. She beckoned Victor to her side, and bade him take her hand. [illegible] [illegible] his frame as he [illegible] [illegible] that glittered like [illegible] in his eyes; the rosy [illegible] faded out of the [illegible] [illegible] of [illegible] [illegible] answered to [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] storm and [illegible] [illegible] was darkness in the heart. Fear fled, his [illegible] [illegible] "This is not necessary [illegible]. Go behind and grow strong and brave."

He looked and saw the same form of Pleasure, as she [illegible] [illegible] her [illegible] and he shrank back with repulsion. [illegible] upon the cheeks was in no true fire of the sunken eyes was borrowed from the intoxicating draught; her gold was spurious, and her promises all were false. Herself a hideous mockery, she poisoned life for those who trusted her and cheated youth of all its glory, robbed manhood of its holiest aspirations. The women of her court were wantons; not a true souled maiden was among them all. Bedizened Folly was a wrinkled hag, masked in a youthful semblance. The white armed Recklessness was a Fiend, whose supreme object was the enslaving of mind and soul. And in the Queen's train were monsters who had compassed the ruin of thousands; Suicide and Murder were her near attendants. Disgrace was her confidante, Unbelief her closest follower. Premature deaths and blighted lives strewed her path of victory, her altars reeked with the heart's blood of human sacrifice! She exulted over the destruction of home's sacredness and laughed aloud over the trophies that declared her supremacy—broken hearts, ruined prospects, virtue and goodness overthrown.

And Victor saw the chief ally of Pleasure, her Prime Minister and Great High Counsellor was the mighty Demon of Intemperance. And he shuddered as he looked upon the bloated face, the hideously distorted form of the Great Giant Curse!

"Come," said the guide, and slowly, sorrowfully, the disenchanted mortal obeyed her.

She waved her wand, and the close and murky atmosphere grew clear and pure. The mountains no longer veiled in mist, stood forth in all their native grandeur, outlined against the sapphire sky. The valleys stretched into infinite distances, all enameled with the loveliest floral products of the earth; the rivers flowed in gold and azure beauty, their melodious speech responding to the invocations of the poet-winds. In that calm seclusion, the holy memories of the past were active, and the future beckoned with the voice of Honor. There sweetest reminiscences of Home refreshed the weary spirit, and a mother's influence resumed its sway. There the common life was exalted by the sweetness of duty, and the Heavens were not far away. The Ideal and the actual blended, and Life stood forth, the solemn great prophetic gift it is. Victor thrilled with fervent thankfulness, turned to his conductress and said:

"I thank you, stern and salutary Teacher! And my [illegible] is made. I return to my [illegible], lest [illegible] I am ready for the battle against the [illegible]."

"There [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

A [illegible] greater far than I shall [illegible] thee." A wild [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] as she came nearer. Victor [illegible] [illegible] for her aspect was dazzling [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] transparent [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] from her presence shot forth rays of light.

She said: "My name is Truth," and Victor bowed [illegible] before her. She led him to the front ranks of the battle; and with her breastplate for his shield, he was invulnerable. He met the Syren Pleasure face to face, and she had no dominion over him for before his pure, brave eyes, her craven spirit quailed. With him were Justice, Honor Fraternal Love, all the accordant Graces of the Spirit, and dear domestic Virtues of the Heart. Among his sterner fellow-warriors there was that righteous indignation that so often chastises triumphant wickedness.

And Victor uses all his powers of youth and eloquence, all his noblest courage and his loftiest enthusiasm in behalf of the right. Inspired of Truth, sensible of God's [illegible] he wages [illegible] the warfare against Intemperance, Licentiousness, Slavery—all forms of evil.

But the battle in his own soul is won.

It was there that the [illegible] forces [illegible] within, himself was the divided Kingdom where pleasure [illegible] [illegible] with all [illegible] conscience and her [illegible] [illegible].

How noble is the human soul when it [illegible] temptation and bravely wins its moral victory. How grandly must the angels rejoice over such a triumph!

JINGLETS.—Few people know how the little bits of iron that make it ring, a pat [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] "In making the bell this [illegible] [illegible] a little hole in the head, just the shape of the figure of the bell. Then a [illegible] is made out the shape of the outside of the bell. This mold is, with the [illegible] bell inside, is placed in the middle of the [illegible] and the melted metal is poured in, which [illegible] up the space between the mold and the bell. When the metal is [illegible] [illegible] a piece of [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] dries [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

A GOLDEN-HAIRED JUDAS

Some [illegible]
Will [illegible] me
Where [illegible]
To [illegible],
With [illegible]
That none might dream [illegible] by thy vow
[illegible]
Of the danger lurking in thy kiss.
Yet, if I knew that o'er thy kiss could slay,
Still would I kneel to thee; for death were bliss
With lips like thine to kiss my life away.

Our Young Folks.

Margaret's School Trials.

MOTHER, Margaret said, breaking a long silence, with passionate trouble in her voice, "I don't think I can go on bearing school any longer!" She had not long come in, and it was nearly dark in the [illegible] parlor, where her mother sat knitting by the fire. Margaret was a girl of about [illegible], with an eager face and large eyes.

"Tell me all about your trouble, Maggie," said Mrs. Shirley, in her quiet voice, stretching out her hand to bring her daughter to her side.

"What can't you bear? don't be afraid of telling me, dear. I suppose you mean that the girls speak unkindly of—of your poor father."

"Yes. Oh mother, it is horrible! Emily Peacock told several of them not to associate with me; and she said quite loud that the school was not fit for gentlemen's daughters now that there were——" Margaret broke off with a sob.

"Were what? daughters of convicts!"

"Mother! how can you speak so calmly?"

"I'll tell you why I can, Maggie. I'll trust you with your father's secret; you are old enough now to understand and be proud—yes, proud, and not ashamed—that you are his child, as I am to be his wife."

He [illegible] a punishment he had never deserved and always people to [illegible]. And for [illegible]—it is only known [illegible] and two others—your uncle Henry, his partner, his brother, and [illegible] husband was [illegible] to save his life your father [illegible] and is bearing his penalty. You know how ill your uncle has been and is now, and how dreadfully delicate [illegible] father knew that no brother could [illegible] very long; and the [illegible] as well as the confinement of the [illegible] him very short time, and that if he was to go to prison he would never see Aunt Isabel again, nor the little baby that came since and [illegible]."

Mrs. Shirley broke off, for the tears would come.

"Then that is the reason you have been so brave. I could not think how you could bear it."

"Yes, that is the reason. You understand now, Maggie."

"Mother, mother, I am glad! But mayn't I tell the girls?"

"No, no, no! not for worlds! You must promise me never to [illegible]. You must bear everything that is said, [illegible] and believe, and [illegible] whispered, as she [illegible]."

The [illegible] Margaret on the following Monday when she returned to [illegible].

Emily Peacock was an [illegible] girl, and had always been [illegible], yet hers which Maggie [illegible] over her she had not been [illegible] pleasant as she might have been. Margaret was a quick [illegible], and enjoyed [illegible] learning a hard, but [illegible], yet was first. Now, if she got on better than Emily, she was sure to [illegible] by some [illegible] speech, some [illegible] that girls sometimes whispered [illegible] enough to be overheard.

"It must be [illegible] to have a convict for one's father," she said one day, in a tone of horror.

This unkind remark was heard by a girl who reported it, with a few exaggerations, to Maggie. Her face burnt, and she looked very fierce for a moment. "I'll go and tell them," she began; "I won't stay to be insulted. And then the memory of her mother's words came again. Her whole face softened, and the [illegible] right [illegible] away. What were her little trials to theirs? Her officious friend wondered at this. "It does not signify what they say, Polly," Margaret said, trying to speak cheerfully. "I don't see the good of [illegible] disagreeable things. Some of you care very little about me for myself, I believe."

"Oh! Maggie, you are quite an angel!" the admiring Polly cried, and flew upon her to kiss her.

Margaret laughed and turned away. "Don't be silly, Polly; there's very little of the angel about me."

One day Maggie happened to pick up an exercise book of Emily's in the passage—one full of [illegible] very free and not complimentary remarks about every one. Margaret only just glanced at it to make sure whose it was, and took it straight to Emily on the [illegible]. "You dropped this. I think it is yours, Emily," she said, handing it to the girl.

Emily got [illegible] and looked as if she could hardly believe her eyes. "I haven't shown it to any [illegible]," she [illegible]. "It was [illegible]."

"I don't [illegible]," Maggie said, with [illegible].

"That's [illegible] good of you," Flora burst out irrepressibly; "after Em's nasty [illegible]. You ought to thank her well, Miss Emily."

"I'm very much obliged," Emily said, half forced out of her ungraciousness.

"I don't want thanks," Maggie answered, simply. "Of course I never dreamt of doing anything with your book." And she turned in another direction.

Flora ran after her and took her arm. "Look here, Maggie Shirley," she said in her awkward, good-natured way. "We've been horrid to you, but I mean to go in for being friends if you will let bygones be bygones. I am disgusted with Em."

"I shall be very glad to be friends," Margaret answered pleasantly.

"And I for one shall never say another word about—about—you know what," continued Flora. "Will you give me a kiss?"

So Margaret Shirley's year at school slipped away, and as it went by her little hardships grew lighter. It was now with a day or two of breaking up for the Christmas holidays, and Miss Holmes's girls were in a state of great excitement.

In the midst of all the gay chatter and fuss Margaret felt very sad, and she could not help it. What merry holidays she used to have, and this year how gloomy it would be at home!

She had not heard from her mother, nor seen her for a fortnight, for she had gone to help her sister to nurse her husband, poor Uncle Henry, who was dying, and she had no time even to write. Maggie did not know whether he was alive or dead; it was all melancholy, she thought, and it made it worse that it was Christmas time, and every girl in the school except herself seemed full of hope and spirits. She was sitting in a corner trying to read, but not noticing the words that her eyes followed, when she was called out of the room to see her mother. Mrs. Shirley was alone in Miss Holmes's parlor, and as she ran in she held out her arms, and as Margaret clung fondly to her, burst into tears.

"Mother! mother! what has happened? Anything worse?"

Her mother struggled to speak. "Not altogether sad, Maggie. No; part is very joyful—so much joy that I can hardly bear it—but part is very sad. Uncle Henry died last night, dear."

"Did he? Oh, poor Aunt Belle!"

"Yes, poor Aunt Belle; but at first it is almost a relief to her that his sufferings are now over. And, Maggie, before he died—oh, I seem choked as if I could not tell you—before he died he told all, and proved your father's innocence."

"Oh, mother!"

"Yes, darling, proved it to all the world. And he is coming home to us very, very soon."

"Coming home?"

"Yes; they have to grant a pardon before he can be released."

"What a shame! A pardon when he has done nothing wrong!"

"It is the only way, however, and it does not matter what it is called, for every one knows, or will know. I try to think of my poor Belle's sorrow, but it is impossible not to rejoice. And, Maggie dear, I shall be so proud to tell father what a good girl he has been. You have borne your troubles nobly."

"They were only very little troubles, mother."

"They did not seem little to you at first; and school girls often think a great deal of small trials. I am proud of you, my dear."

"I can hardly believe it is all over, and we shall have him back again. It seems too good to be true."

"But it means terrible sorrow to Aunt Belle," her mother said, with tears dropping fast. And they could say no more for a little while.

The news spread over the school that night that Miss Shirley's father was to be released from prison, and that he had never done anything wrong, though some few [illegible] could help being glad to hear it. Even Emily Peacock felt [illegible] to say a few words of congratulation, and every other girl nearly overwhelmed Maggie with eager questions, kisses and kind words.

THE NUTMEG.—Nutmegs grow on trees which look like pear trees, and are generally over twenty feet high. The leaves are very much like those of the cherry. They are pale yellow and very fragrant. The nutmeg is the seed of the fruit, and mace is the thin covering over the seed. The fruit is about as large as a peach. When ripe, it breaks open and shows the mace outside. The trees grow on the banks of rivers and in tropical America. They bear fruit for seventy or eighty years, having ripe fruit upon them at [illegible].

There is a demand for [illegible] breeds of hunting dogs all over the State.

Cerebrations.

CONDUCTED BY
TIM LINKINWATER AND WILKINS MICAWBER.

Address all communications to L. & M., No. 1784 Wallace Street, Philadelphia, Pa. Original contributions solicited.

ANSWERS

No. 25. TRUE-LOVE-KNOT.

No. 26

C	A	N	T	P	A	P
	A	P	I	D	S	
		R	A	E		
			R			
			A	C	K	
		G	R	A	S	S
		H	O	P	E	S

No. 27

C	L	E	O	L	A
I	D	A	L	I	A
P	A	L	M	I	T
O	I	E	A	I	E
I	R	N	T	O	M
A	E	I	E	R	Y

No. 28

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No. 29

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No. 30

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					E	N	V	E	L	O	P
						E	N	E	M	A	
							E	E	E	A	T

No. 31. POST SCRIPT

No. 32.

						C					
					S	A	S				
				M	O	R	E	E			
			E	E	L	I	M	E	S		
		S	O	L	I	C	I	T	O	R	
	C	A	R	I	C	A	T	U	R	E	S
		S	F	M	I	T	O	N	E	S	
			E	E	T	U	N	I	S		
				S	O	M	E	S			
					E	E	S				
						S					

No. 33. NUMERICAL.

My 1, and 2,
Her name is Lee,
Ate WHOLE, a little fish,
Said she, "dear Paul,
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
Contented I will feel."

Philadelphia, Pa. TIM LINKINWATER.

No. 34. HEXAGON.

ACROSS: 1. Without beginning and ending. 2. An animal. 3. [illegible] 4. [illegible] 5. [illegible] 6. A jet. 7. [illegible]

DOWN: 1. The laurel tree. 2. Trees. 3. [illegible] 4. [illegible] 5. [illegible]

San Francisco, Cal. PERCY VERE.

No. 35. CHARADE.

[illegible] was a young [illegible] Savannah.
[illegible],
[illegible]
which every one reckoned,
Was becoming to WHOLE in a manner,
Although in it I sate.

San Francisco, Cal. PERCY VERE.

No. 36. REVERSED RHOMBOID.

ACROSS: 1. A Greek Proper name. 2. Featured. 3. [illegible] 4. [illegible] complements of arcs. 5. Master. 6. A bailiwick of [illegible].

DOWN: 1. A letter. 2. A prefix. 3. A fish. 4. A city of Europe. 5. An inflammable substance. 6. Pertaining to rats. 7. A genus of dipterous insects. 8. Preparation. 9. Trees. 10. Metals. 11. A seam. 12. An [illegible]. 13. A sewer.

Brooklyn, N. Y. DEAN FORESTER.

No. 37. ANAGRAMS.

[illegible]

1. HURRAH FOR BEST DAY.
2. TRAGIC WEAVE FORGER.
3. PLANT SO SUOT.

[illegible]
Philadelphia, Pa. Initial R

No. 38. DIAMONDS.

[illegible]

Now take your Atlas don't be vexed,
A lake in Scotland is the NEXT.

The THIRD is pointed, as you know,
If not—at once to Webster go.

The FOURTH a plant will ever be,
This is as plain as A, B, C.

An thusiastic is the FIFTH.
Whist, to the silver gives a lift.

The SIXTH is printed, you will find,
In letters of a certain kind.

The SEVENTH ratwel I am informed,
To shelter planes often stormed.

The EIGHTH concluded, so they say.
Which gives the puzzle right away.

The NINTH destroyed in fact upset.
Pray have you found the answer yet?

How often on a rainy day,
Your parachute is TENTH astray.

If I last to evil you unite,
You get a man as black as night.

Philadelphia, Pa. WILKINS MICAWBER.

ANSWERS NEXT WEEK.

PRIZES

1st. The POST six months, for FIRST COMPLETE list of solutions.
2nd. The POST three months for NEXT BEST list.

SOLVERS

CEREBRATIONS of February 1st. were solved by Gil Blas, Hal Hazard, Asian, Flewy Ann, A Solver, Wa Ching, Effendi, Kos, Stod, Jarep, Randolph, O. W. L., O. C. O. L.s., Clinton, Odoacer, O. Possum, Goose Quill and Percy Vere.

PRIZE WINNERS

1st, Gil Blas,	- -	Washington, D. C.
2nd, Hal Hazard,	- -	Baltimore, Md.
3rd, Asian,	- -	Baltimore, Md.
4th, Flewy Ann,	- -	Lexington, Ky.

ACCEPTED PUNS BUTTONS

All [illegible] that acknowledged here are respectively [illegible].

Percy Vere—Charade [illegible] square and diamond. Odoacer—square, charade, two octagons and [illegible]. Clinton—[illegible] Irish [illegible] and O. Possum—anagram, [illegible] square, diamond and half square. Mattie Jay—two rhomboids and two half squares. Locksley—two anagrams. Randolph—double acrostic remainders, square and triple acrostic.

CHAT.

GIL BLAS—Your list was the FIRST in every other respect as well as complete and you win "so grand prize." Keep us well supplied as your Rhymes are enjoyed by all readers of Cerebrations.

MATTIE JAY—All prime. We will interview the Lancaster and report. "W. M." will respond soon. Where do you obtain the paper on which you write?

ODOACER.—Batch good and well assorted. Will see fast as possible.

RANDOLPH—All of the first water. You knew just what we wanted.

THANKS—Your beautiful poetical Anagram will be published next week. Shall be glad to receive more beauties from "across the water."

O. C. O. L.s.—As all reversed rhomboids are simply diagonal squares—similar—we have taken the liberty of using your rhomboid in the form a square.

ASIAN—The January number of the Oak City Item received. "Our Mystic Nook" looks well and is better [illegible] by the [illegible] we are [illegible] but see regarding your last query I am [illegible] ASIA & NAPOLEON [illegible] A [illegible] Mary [illegible] [illegible] and [illegible] half [illegible] [illegible] Would [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

SEAFARING USAGES.

THE rude and boisterous customs formerly observed on board ship, such, for instance, as the ceremonies on "crossing the line," as related by nautical writers, are familiar to all our readers; these sports, the offshoots of others practised in earlier times, have, in their turn, yielded to the more refined and reasonable mode of whiling the tedium of a long voyage by theatricals, recitations, concerts, etc. Grose gives some curious instances of the way in which the "salts" of former times enjoyed their former pastimes at sea. He mentions a custom called the "ambassador," practised upon "ignorant fellows, or landsmen" in warm latitudes. The sport was thus managed: A large tub was filled with water, and two stools placed on each side of it. Over the whole, a tarpaulin or old sail was thrown. This was kept tight by two persons, who represented the king and queen of a foreign country, and were seated on the stools. The person intended to be ducked was called the ambassador, and after repeating a ridiculous speech dictated to him, he was led in great state to the throne, and there seated between the king and the queen, who rising suddenly, the ambassador fell back into the tub of water.

Another observance practised near the line was called "autour," or King Arthur. A sailor, who represented the King, ridiculously dressed, and having an immense wig, made of oakum, or some old stuff, was seated at the side of, or over, a large vessel of water. Every sailor in his turn was to be ceremoniously introduced to him, and to pour a bucket of water over him, crying, "Hail, King Arthur!" If, during this ceremony, any seaman laughed or smiled (to which he was provoked by the wry faces and facetious gesticulations of the monarch), he had to change places and assume the throne, until relieved by some other brother tar who had as little command over his facial muscles as himself.

Another game on board ship was called "hoop." To run the hoop was an ancient marine custom. Four or more boys, having their hands tied fast to an iron hoop, and in their right a rope, called a "nettle," and being naked to the waist, waited the signal to begin. This was done by an application of a stroke of the cat-o'-nine tails given by the boatswain to the back of one of the boys, who struck at the next to him, and so on, until all became engaged in what can scarcely be called an amusing game; for although at first the blows were gently administered, each boy, irritated at the strokes of his neighbor, at length laid on lustily, and the play became earnest. This custom was practised when a ship was windbound.

This boy-flogging brings to mind a practice of the French seamen in former days, who believed that the spirit of the storm would be propitiated by thrashing unfortunate middies at the mainmast.

"Cob," or "cobbing," was a punishment formerly inflicted on seamen for petty offences and irregularities. This consisted in striking the offender with a cobbing-stick or pipe-staff. The number of strokes was usually a dozen. At the first stroke the inflictor repeated the word "watch," on which all the persons on board took off their hats on pain of like punishment. The last stroke was always given as hard as possible, and was called the "purse."

The custom of having, in ships and vessels for sale or hire, an old broom attached to the masthead, originated, some say, from the ancient practice of putting up boughs upon anything which was intended for sale. It has been contended, however, that the custom dates from the period when Van Tromp and the Dutch fleet hoisted a broom, indicative of an intention to sweep the ships of England from the seas. To repel this insolence, the English admiral exhibited a horsewhip, equally significant of his intentions towards the Dutch. The pennant, which the horsewhip symbolized, has ever since been the distinguishing mark of English men-of-war.

The present custom of "christening" ships may be considered a relic of the ancient libation practised when they were launched.

Votive offerings were common among the Norwegian fisherman. A legend states that a mariner wished on a Christmas Day to give the spirit of the waters a cake; but when he came to the shore, lo! the waters were frozen over. Unwilling to leave his offering on the ice, and so as not to give the spirit the trouble of breaking the ice to obtain it, the fisherman took a pickaxe, and set to work to make a hole. In spite of all his labor, he was only able to make a small hole, not near large enough to put the cake through. Having laid the cake on the ice while he thought what was best to be done, suddenly a very tiny little hand, as white as snow, was stretched through the hole, seized the cake, and crumpling it up together, withdrew with it. Ever since that time the cakes have been so very small that the water-spirits have had no trouble with them. In this legend originated the compliment so often paid to a Norwegian lady, "your hand is like a water sprite's."

In former times peculiar customs were attached to certain seasons of the year and to saints' days. All Hallow's E'en, or the vigil of All Saints' Day, was held in great veneration by mariners. At this period the fishermen of the Islands in the North Atlantic sprinkled what was called "fore spoken" water over their boats when they had not been successful. They used, also, to make the sign of the cross on their boats with tar. Among the French fishermen, even to a late period, All Saints' Day was religiously observed. Those mariners who ventured out to sea on this anniversary were said to have the double sight; that is, each one beheld a living likeness of himself, seated in close contact, or, when engaged in any work, doing the same. If the nets were cast out, they were found, on drawing them in, to contain nothing but bones, portions of skeletons, or fragments of winding-sheets. On the same night, towards midnight, a funeral car was heard, driven through the fish-market. It was drawn by a team of eight white horses, preceded by dogs of the same color, who ran and barked around them. Few persons were bold enough to look upon this fearful scene. Those who listened might hear the voices of the seamen who had died in the course of the year.

Sailors have always had their prejudices with regard to certain days of the week. As everybody knows, Friday was, and is still considered by some mariners a blank day for sailing.

Various practices were adopted in former times to influence the wind, and ensure a prosperous voyage to the seamen. The good wives of Winchelsea hit upon an ingenious plan of their own for this purpose, in the success of which they, no doubt, implicitly believed. Of this an old author says: "And because our portsmen traded the sea, and lived by quicke returne, they were not unprovided with an Æolus, also, that might directe the wind for their desire. For, within memorie, there were standing in Winchesley three parish churches, St. Lennard, St. Giles, and St. Thomas; and in that of St. Lennard there was erected the picture of St. Lennard, the patrone of the place, holding a fane, or Æolus scepter, in his hand, which was moovable at the pleasure of any that would turn it to such pointe of the compasse as best fitted the returne of the husbande or other friend whom they expected." This was, to say the least, an innocent way of "working the winds." One would scarcely expect that the mere turning of a stone would have a sensible effect in procuring favorable breezes; yet we learn that the inhabitants of one of the Western Islands, had implicit faith in this charm. In a chapel on this island there was fixed in the altar a blue stone, of a round form, which was always moist. It was an ordinary custom with any fishermen who were detained on the island by contrary winds, to wash this blue stone with water, expecting thereby to obtain a favorable wind. So great was the regard paid to this stone, that any oath sworn before it could never be broken. Another mode of these primitive islanders to secure auspicious winds consisted in hanging a he goat to the masthead.

A similar feeling with regard to the efficacy of stones, though for another purpose, existed among the fishermen of Iona. This took the shape of a pillar, and the sailor who stretched his arm along it three times in the name of the Trinity, could never err in steering the helm of a vessel.

The Finlanders are said to have used a cord with three knots for raising the wind. When the first was loosed they would expect a good wind; when the second, a stronger, if the third such a storm would arise that the sailors would not be able to direct the ship and avoid rocks, or to stand upon the decks.

In the Isle of Man a witch, with a basin of water, said once that the herring fleet would not return. Every ship was lost, and she was rolled down the hill in a barrel set with spikes. The grass has never grown since in the barrel's track.

One of the oldest customs or prerogatives in regard to fish, was, in the time of Henry the First of England, the right to what are now termed "royal," but which were formerly called "great" fish, namely, the sturgeon and the whale. "Of sturgeon," says the royal autocrat, "caught on our lands, we will that it shall be ours, saving to the finder his costs and expenses. Of whales, so found, we will that the head shall be ours, and the tail our consort's." Wise discrimination, for the head was considered the daintiest part, the tongue being a bonne bouche. Fishermen would offer, as their costliest gift to the church, a whale's tongue.

Feminities.

Evening dresses that are made short escape the ground by five or six inches.

And now a Minnesota girl offers to grind 2,700 quarters of wheat in 2,700 quarter hours.

Susan B. Anthony defines marriage as binding a woman to a man for life for board and clothes.

There never was a woman so homely yet but some one could wheedle her into the idea that she was handsome.

Wanted, a salve for lips that will so deaden the sound of a kiss, that the old folks can't hear it in the next room.

A cynical old bachelor says, "Wedlock is like a bird cage. Those without peck to get in, and those within peck to get out."

A matter of fact old bachelor calls the new, sweet, darling pugs, the pug-ugl- dogs. The horrid brute—the bachelor, not the quadruped.

Hands that wear six-button gloves ought to be quick in getting out the portmonnais on contribution Sundays, lest the cynical make remarks.

Bonnets worn by ladies, in Paris, this winter, are said to be totally different from what are sold on this side of the Atlantic as "Paris bonnets."

A Cleveland woman advertises that she will take in washing, and that, "being until recently in affluence," she knows what fastidious folks require.

Hurricanes, it is supposed, are caused by all the women in the world talking at once. But their infrequency seems to militate against the theory.

If you do not wish to be exposed, don't talk too much before your children. A child's mind is like a "Jack-in-a-box," once unlocked, is all out in a minute.

During a recent storm a young couple in Maine, were so desirous of being made one that they started for the minister's with a team, with two men in advance with snow shovels.

The father of a St. Louis bride presented his son-in-law with 80,000 head of cattle. "Papa, dear!" exclaimed his daughter, when she heard of it, "that was so kind of you; Charley's awfully fond of ox-tail soup."

A bride in Iowa shot herself on the morning after the wedding, on learning that her husband had another wife; but the wound was not serious, and on recovering she took the less tragic course of prosecuting for bigamy.

Maggie Quinn is the name of a little girl who lives in Georgia, where she is known as "the child poet." A volume called "Violets," containing selections from verses written from her seventh to eleventh year, has just been printed.

"Are you the saleswoman of whom I bought this handkerchief yesterday?" asked a purchaser at one of our dry goods stores. "I am the sales lady who served you," responded the reduced empress in banged hair, long watch-chain and ringed fingers.

Another of the sixty thousand unmarried white women of Massachusetts has deserted the ranks of the maiden sisterhood for the arms of a naturalized Chinaman. There is probably this advantage about marrying a Chinaman, that the bride will never have to take in washing to support him.

The proudest moment of a mother's life is just after she has trimmed the hair of her young hopeful, using the edge of a bowl to guide the shears evenly around the intellectual forehead. 'Tis then she gazes on him with the fondest maternal hopes and sees the future Congressman standing out in bold relief.

"Oh, I suppose he loves Sarah, and would be glad to marry her," she was saying to another woman in the postoffice corridor, yesterday, "but I dunno." "Isn't he a nice young man?" asked the other. "Well, he's nice enough, but very reckless with his money. At Christmas time he made us a present of a French clock for the parlor, and there's not one of us in the house could speak a word of French. He might just as well have presented us with a German thermometer or a Spanish umbrella! We had to trade it for a barrel of molasses."

Grains of Gold.

Men, like bullets, go farthest when they are smoothest.

It is good to be deaf when the slanderer begins to talk.

The gay soul of dissipation never had a thought unselfish.

The best sort of revenge is not to be like him who does the injury.

The wisest of men is he who has the most complaisance for others.

It is astonishing how keen stupid people are in discovering affronts.

Good will, like a good name, is got by many actions and lost by one.

Books are embalmed minds. Fame is a flower upon a dead man's heart.

Think not of faults committed in the past when one has reformed his conduct.

Surely half the world must be blind—they can see nothing unless it glitters.

A man who can be flattered is not necessarily a fool, but you can always make one of him.

To know how to listen is a great art; it is to know how to gain instruction from everyone.

Live on what you have; live if you can on less; do not borrow, for vanity will end in shame.

The affection of parents is best shown to their children by teaching them what is good and true.

A good report lingers on its way, but a bad one flies straight to where it can do the most harm.

In the assurance of strength there is strength. The strongest are weak without confidence.

Many men claim to be firm in their principles, when, really, they are only obstinate in their prejudices.

The cheerful live longest in life, and, after it, in our regards. Cheerfulness is the off shoot of goodness.

We are never more deceived than when we mistake gravity for greatness, solemnity for silence, or pomposity for erudition.

People who are apt to tell more than the truth, erroneously think it evens the matter if sometimes they say less than the truth.

He who is false to a present duty breaks a thread in the loom, and will seek the defect when the weaving of a lifetime is unrolled.

Do not despise the opinion of the world; you might as well say that you care not a fig for the light of the sun, because you can find a candle.

All prosperous men can give good counsel and like to do it; it costs them nothing. It is easy to declaim against feasting when the stomach is full.

To write a good hand, wear a good coat, and keep a good character, are three requisites for a young man who has to make his own way in the world.

The habit of resolving without acting is worse than not resolving at all, inasmuch as it gradually sunders the natural connection between thought and deed.

A man who is not able to make a bow to his own conscience in the morning, is hardly in a condition to respectfully salute the rest of the world during the day.

People are commonly so employed in pointing out faults in those before them as to forget that someone behind may at the same time be descanting on their own.

Aim at perfection in everything, though in most things it is unattained. However, they who aim at it and persevere, will come much nearer it than those who give it up as unattainable.

Children should practice filial piety at home, and paternal deference abroad; they should be attentive in their actions, sincere and true in their words, loving all with the whole force of their affection.

People are apt to pay you in the self same coin you pass on them. If you give the gold of love, you will get gold in return; and, if you give the brass of impertinence, you will get it back again before many days.

We do not please Heaven more by eating bitter aloes than by eating honey. A cloudy, foggy, rainy day is not more heavenly than a day of sunshine. A funeral march is not so much like the music of angels as the song of birds on a May morning.

It is temper which creates the bliss of home, or disturbs its comforts. It is not in the collision of intellect that domestic peace loves to nestle; her home is in the forbearing nature—in the yielding spirit—in the calm pleasures of a mild disposition anxious to give and receive happiness.

One of the largest of the Great Marston Salt Mines at Sandwich, England, was lately lighted with the electric light. The experiment was so successful that this method of illumination is likely to be adopted.

A resident of Saco, Me., horsewhipped another upon the street last week, complained against himself at the police station, was duly fined, and departed without having made public the cause of the assault.

Assistant Secretary of State Frederick Seward always wears a tasselled skull cap of velvet to hide the fearful scars of the wounds which he received from the assassin Paine. He is slender, of medium height, and entertaining in manner.

France spends fifteen and a half times as much on her army as on her schools, Italy twelve times as much, England five and a half times, Germany four and two-fifths times, Austria four times, and Switzerland one and one eighth times. Per head of population France spends on her army 18s., and England 14s. 5½.

More than twenty persons in and near Verzegnes, in Italy, have become insane. One of them is a man, another a girl of twelve, and most of the other young women. At certain times of the day they indulge in extravagant, incoherent, and indecent talk, though they had previously been quiet and well-behaved. The outbreak is attributed to pictures and sermons on hell.

Hardine.

When is a railroad track like a ship? When you see a cargo on it.

A patch on the seat of a boy's trousers is "something new under the sun."

The saddest words of tongue and pen: "I'm going to pay, but I can't tell when."

Dancing masters seldom have any money but they are always taking steps to raise some.

"Mamma," said a little boy who had been sent to dry a towel before the fire, "is it done when it's brown."

Lawyers are never more in earnest than when they work with a will—that is, if the estate is valuable.

"Honesty is the best policy, but it keeps a man very poor," said the grocer, while he wetted the sugar without putting any sand in it.

A subscriber wants to know "how to prevent wrinkles." The only sure remedy is to commit suicide before you are thirty years old.

Paper kerosene cans are the latest. By using them, servant girls and kitchens can be blown up much cheaper than they can be with the tin article.

When a man feathers his nest you will generally find that he plumes himself upon it. How true it is, therefore, that "riches take upon themselves wings."

Some one said to a parvenu whose brother had remained in poverty, "You are, I believe, the brother of Mr. Durand?"—"No, sir; I am not his brother—he is mine!

Oh! that incomprehensible small boy! He'll turn from five acres of clear smooth ice to work his way through the half foot of slush where the danger sign is.

A young lady we know is so delicate and ethereal a creature, that on losing a hair-pin from her head, the other day, she caught a bad cold that hung on for a week.

A thrifty farmer took his boy to a doctor. "If you can cure him for less than the funeral expenses," said he, "go ahead; but if you can't sonny'll have to take his chances."

It was a loving but jocular husband who, when his wife asked him what she was going to have in her stocking, replied: "You are just the sweetest thing I care to see in it."

With pleading eyes she looked from the piano and sang: "Call me your darling again." He didn't do it, however, for he had already figured in one breach of promise suit.

A round trip—The circus rider's. A well-balanced man—The rope dancer. The last opportunity—The cobbler's chance. People who "draw the line somewhere"—The ruling classes.

"Is the howling of a dog always followed by a death?" asked a little girl of father. "Not always, my dear; sometimes the man that shoots at the dog misses him," was the parents reply.

The following it posted in front of a grocery store in Cambridge: Wooden pails, six cents each. Notice.—We did not steal these pails, but we think the man we bought them of did."

Two little girls were talking to each other this morning, and one said with the greatest naivete: "We have a new ma'am, and she don't know nothing—a pause—she don't know how to whip a scholar.

On a certain occasion of an eclipse in Virginia, a colored individual became greatly elated, 'Bress the Lord!' said he, 'de nigger's time hab come at last, and now we's going to have a black sun.'

The wool-grower's conundrum—Why are sheep the most dissipated and unfortunate of animals?—Because they gambol in their youth, often become blacklegs, frequent the turf, and are universally fleeced.

An editor thus acknowledges a present of grapes: "We have received a basket of grapes from our friend W., for which he will accept our compliments, some of which are nearly two inches in diameter."

A little five year old boy, who had seen a peacock for the first time, ran into the house exclaiming to his sister, "Oh, Lizzie! I've seen a great, great big, monstriferous tail walking round with a hen tied to it!"

An aristocrat, whose family had rather run down, boasting to a prosperous tradesman of his ancestors, the latter said, "You are proud of your descent, are you not? I am on the opposite track, and feel proud of my ascent."

A new Baptist convert wished very much to be baptized by one minister and to join the church of another. She went to the first and asked him if it could be done. "Yes," he replied, "I could do it, but I don't take in washing."

When a reporter wrote in an obituary: "His foot slipped and he was hurled into eternity with great suffering," and the typo made it: "Hurled into suffering eternity," many explanations were necessary to friends of the deceased.

"Ma, has annty got bees in her mouth?" "No; why do you ask such a qustion?" "Cause that lootle man with a heap o' hair on his face cotched hold of her, and said he was going to take the honey from her lips: and she said, "Well, make haste!"

A gentleman was talking to a friend, in the presence of his attorney, about the value of honesty. "Honesty!" said the attorney; "what is honesty!" "What is that to you?" retorted the gentleman; "don't meddle with things which do not concern you!"

"He is very ignorant of the rules and usages of polite society," remarked one lady. "Very," put in a second; "he eats his pie with a knife." "Eats his pie with a knife!" repeated Mrs. Snoddy. "Well, that is ignorance! Why don't he eat it with a spoon like everybody else?"

ALTHOUGH MANY ARE PREDISPOSED TO LUNG TROUBLES FROM BIRTH, yet even such may escape Consumption or other Pulmonary or Bronchial diseases, if due care and watchfulness be observed, and all exciting causes are promptly treated as they arise. It is in these cases Dr. Jayne's Expectorant exercises its most beneficial effects, and has produced the largest proportion of its cures. Besides promptly removing Coughs and Colds, which, when left to themselves, are the immediate causes of tuberculous development, this standard remedy allays any inflammation which may exist, and by promoting easy expectoration, cleanses the lungs of the substances which clog them up, and which rapidly destroy when suffered to remain.

CARDS OLD AND NEW.

HOW many families and social gatherings play at games of cards would puzzle all our wise men to determine. Little, however, do card-players know of the many points of curious interest connected with these pieces of thickened paper.

Three theories are afloat concerning the origin of playing-cards. First, that they had their birth in the East, whence they were brought to Europe. Secondly, that no satisfactory evidence exists to show that they were ever anything else than of European origin. Thirdly, that although there may be sufficient evidence that they were of very ancient origin in India and China, European nations probably invented them independently, without borrowing from the East. As the learned pundits are not agreed on this knotty question, we may pass it by—simply remarking that unquestioned specimens are extant dated as far back as the middle of the fourteenth century.

Few of us are aware that the old playing cards were more numerous and more complicated than those with which we are now familiar. Many of them, now wholly disused in Europe, were called Tarots; they were used for divination long before their combination with number or pip-cards, as we usually call them, and long before either were used for gambling. There were generally twenty-two tarots in the ancient packs, usually emblazoned with whole length figures or other symbolical emblems of various conditions of life, or vicissitudes contingent to human nature. Some packs comprised tarots only, and ranged to forty or fifty in number. They were mostly numbered at the top, and inscribed at the bottom; the inscription being more frequently in French than in any other language.

By about the end of the fourteenth century, the two kinds began to be combined in one pack for purposes of amusement, more frequently than for fortune-telling or for gambling. In playing with compound packs the tarots were superior in power to each and all of the other cards, and had also some kind of precedence among themselves, difficult now to determine.

There are many varieties of size and shape in the old cards. Some are nearly square, some very oblong, but nearly all still and inflexible. The French have in most cases adopted smaller cards than ourselves. One pack, specially described, less than two inches long by one inch in width, are made of such thin cardboard that the whole pack could be slipped into a glove, or held concealed in the palm of the hand. Hindoo and Persian cards, quite circular, two inches and a half in diameter, are extant. One dainty little pack has been made in thin sheet silver, not larger than a lady's finger-nail. Among the engraved figures on a pack of tarot cards in the British Museum, one represents La Papesse, or Pope Joan—a female occupant of St. Peter's chair whose real existence was once believed in, but who is now banished to the limbo of exploded traditions. Other tarot figures, briefly adverted to above, were emperors and empresses betrothed lovers, charioteers, wheels of fortune hermits, the devil with a pair of imps, the Last Judgment—three nude figures rising from the graves, and looking up to a radiant being. What part such cards could subserve in necromancy or divination it is not difficult to see. One old German pack, with Latin inscriptions at the top and German at the bottom, includes a queer tarot-card representing a man in a drunken sleep after dinner, and a woman lifting to her lips a flagon of half-gallon capacity—doubtless a pictorial hint at the vice of tippling.

The suits which are now so important in a pack of cards have incidentally been noticed; but something more is necessary to be said concerning them. The suits from the very first appear to have been four in number. In Italian cards they have usually been called coppe, danari, bastone, and spade; that is, acorn-cups coins, clubs or batons, and swords. Hearts and diamonds afterwards superseded acorn cups and coins. The French, so early as the middle of the fifteenth century, had coeurs carreaux, trefles, and piques, pretty much as at present; and these designations, with the requisite translations in languages, gradually spread from one country to another; but Germany long retained herzen, schellen, laube, eichuln—hearts, shells, leaves, and acorns.

More curious are the details of information concerning the honors or court-cards—those pictures so marvellous in their absurdity.

In the first place we must state that the modern king, queen, and knave were never regarded as tarots; they always belonged to the larger number of cards which were not tarots. The knight or cavallo used to be represented on horseback. The Spaniards not willing to admit a lady in the pack, withdrew the queen, and had first and second nights, one of whom was cancelled when the court-cards in each suit were reduced to three in number. The Germans had at one period upper servant and lower servant as two of the designations. For two centuries or more the French were accustomed to print under each court-card the name of the personage it represented—such as Alexander, Pallas, Judith, &c. This was at a time when a resemblance to some real persons was attempted; but by degrees came into favor those specimens of the grotesque in gesture and costume which have continued ever since in English cards, and to a great degree on the Continent. The double bust in some modern cards, intended to facilitate identification by the players without reversing the position of the card in his hand, is still more extravagant and absurd.

Facts of a most curious kind are on record concerning the court-cards or honors in France during the eventful series when king, republic and emperor took the lead in turn. In effacing the signs and emblems of royalty at the commencement of the Revolution, the change did not destroy the passion for play, either in intention or in effect; kings and queens of all the suits were proscribed. The kings were supplanted by sages, savans, and emblematical personages; the queen had to make room for ladies emblematical of freedom of marriage, of worship, of the press, and of commerce; while the valets or knights were displaced by Roman heroes, warriors, and even sans culottes, according to the taste of the artist. When the military achievements of the first Napoleon had given a new turn to the revolutionary fever, card-players evinced a revived liking for the old fashioned court-cards. Napoleon, when he became emperor, turned his eagle glance to the pictures on playing cards as well as to the conquest and annexation of kingdoms. The painter David was commissioned to prepare new designs; and during a few years many artistic packs were produced. For some reason or other, these designs did not become popular; card-players asked for the old patterns, and their demand was complied with. The Bourbons, after the fall of Napoleon, had little other alteration to make in the current style of playing cards than substituting the fleur-de-lys of their house for the eagle of the empire. Some attempts have been made during the last sixty years to introduce new and more graceful designs, but in vain.

In illustration of the efforts made by enterprising firms to induce card-players to encourage artistic design, we may advert to a pack brought before the English public four or five years ago. At first glance, the cards have the appearance of the modern familiar packs; but on closer inspection we find the Prince of Wales doing duty as the king of diamonds, the King of the Belgians as king of hearts, the Crown Prince of Prussia as king of spades, and the King of Italy as king of clubs. The likenesses are fairly good, especially that of the King of Italy. The aces are allotted to still more powerful and distinguished personages; thus Her Majesty, as Empress of India and Queen of England, appears as ace of hearts, the President of the United States as ace of spades, the Emperor of Russia as ace of diamonds, and the German Emperor as ace of clubs. The Princess of Wales acts a queen of hearts, the Crown Princess of Germany queen of clubs; the Queen of Greece appears as queen of diamonds, and the Empress of Austria as queen of spades. The four knaves have a more original character about them than the other court-cards. A Scotch piper with distended cheeks vigorously blowing his pipes, the utmost determination of purpose showing in his features, appears as knave of hearts; an officious and splendid functionary, obviously a gendarme, is the knave of spades; a yellow-bearded Swiss guide, with his rope on his shoulders, and clutching a spiked staff, is the knave of clubs; while Spain is represented by a keen-eyed and careful matador as knave of diamonds. Thus the United States, England, Scotland, France, Russia, Prussia, Germany, Belgium, Austria, Greece, Switzerland-Spain, all come in for a share of honor.

Not the least interesting among styles of cards are those packs which are intended to subserve some additional purpose besides the playing of ordinary games. There is a grammatical pack, for instance, in which the suits are denoted in the upper left hand corner, the pips or numbers in Roman numerals in the upper right-hand corner, and the honors by engraved busts of kings, queens, and valets. The main portion of each card is printed with the rules of grammar, &c. Geography in like manner has been taken into account by the old card-makers. In another pack, about the same date as those just noticed, the lower half of each card contains a description of some one country; while on the upper half are symbols denoting suits, honors and numerals. Each symbol is supported by two figures representing the inhabitants of that part of the world, and a view of some town. The ace of hearts is appropriated to Europe, the king of hearts to London; while the other picture-cards are assigned to other countries and cities.

History also came in for a share of attention, sometimes combined with biography. In one old pack the usual four suits are presented, but with swords and acorns instead of stakes and clubs. England is represented in suit by spades, and in national emblems by oak leaves Scotland by diamonds and the thistle; Ireland by hearts and the shamrock; Wales by spades or swords and the leek. Twelve of the cards contain so-called portraits of personages renowned in history or tradition; the other forty by local and national emblems.

Emblematical packs were once in considerable favor. There is one example, about a century old, in which the honors, suits, and pips are briefly denoted at the top; the main portion of space being occupied by whole-length allegorical figures, with printed directions underneath. The ace of hearts, for instance, has an allegorical figure of religion; and the inscription tells the players that it means that: "A woman veiled, a book in her right and flaming fire in her left hand. The veil informs us that religion has its mysteries; the book expresses the Divine law, and the flaming fire the utmost ardency of devotion." And so on the other cards, are emblems of good powers and wicked; all of which seem to require a glossary to render their recondite meaning clear.

But what will the reader think of a pack of cards, which, besides serving its usual purpose teaches the art of carving at table? Such a pack is extant, produced a little under two hundred years ago. The pack is called "The Genteel House-keepers' Pastime." The suit of hearts is devoted to fish, diamonds to fowl, clubs to fish, and spades to baked meats or meat-pies. The king of hearts presides over a sirloin of beef, the king of diamonds over a turkey, the king of clubs over a pickled herring, the king of spades over venison pasty—and so on.

The Diamond Necklace.

A DIAMOND necklace, likely the costliest in the world—certainly the most celebrated—was one of the predisposing causes of the French Revolution. Not that it was directly concerned in that fearful convulsion; but that it gave occasion, rightly or wrongly, to intensify the suspicions entertained of the hapless queen, Marie Antoinette, and thereby to raise to a pitch of madness the hatred of the Parisian mob against the royal family.

Just about a century ago the French court was steeped in a lower abyss of immorality than at any period before or since. The king, Louis XV., was a debauchè, and little else. The royal palaces were thronged with intriguing adventurers of both sexes. The prime favorite was the beautiful, but heartless, Madame Dubarry. On her the king lavished wealth that was sorely needed by his impoverished country. He furthermore determined, in his infatuation, to present her with a diamond necklace, such as no empress or queen possessed. The crown jewelers were commissioned to make it, at an estimated cost of $600,000. The whole of Europe was ransacked for diamonds of sufficient size and lustre to form component elements in the necklace, the most skilful diamond-cutters to shape them, the most tasteful jewelers to set them.

Just before the necklace was finished, in 1774, the dissolute king died, to the dismay of the jewelers, Bohmer and Bassenge. Madame Dubarry withdrew from court, with her ill-gotten money; sorry, no doubt, that she could not get the diamond necklace as well, and the jewelers equally sorry that they could not obtain the purchase money from her.

New actors appear upon the scene. The young king, aged twenty, was Louis XVI; and his queen, also aged twenty, was Marie Antoinette. He was simple-minded and quiet, she was light-hearted and fond of gaiety; but neither of them evinced a taste for the profligacy which had so disgraced the preceding reign. The youthful queen, prone to balls and assemblies and brilliant life, had also the natural fondness of young queens for jewels. Bohmer and Bassenge had hopes in this quarter. They obtained admission to the queen, and displayed the matchless necklace before her admiring eyes. She refused to buy. Almost in despair, Bassenge visited various courts of Europe, but could not dispose of it. Thus ended 1774, thus 1775, and thus many succeeding years, during which time the gorgeous ornament never left the hands of the jewelers.

Now we come to the eventful part of the story—a conspiracy in which many persons were concerned, and of which Marie Antoinette was unquestionably the victim. We must go back several years to introduce a new actress upon the scene.

The Marquis and Marchioness de Brinvilliers, when driving out of Paris, were one day accosted by a ragged girl, who asked for alms for a descendant of Henry II. of France. The lady requested the girl to call on her the following day, and explain this singular application. There is no reason to doubt that the averment was actually true. Henry II had an illegitimate son, to whom he gave the title of Count de Saint Remi. The count was rich and influential; but his descendants became gradually impoverished, until at length the family was represented by Jacques de Saint Remi, who lived almost in beggary. He kept parchments in his possession relating to the bygone estates of the family, and was always seeking for some patron, to aid him in obtaining restitution of property to which he conceived he had a rightful claim. When he died, he left three children quite unprovided for; and one of these was the beggar girl spoken of. The marchioness, interested in the story, took the girl and a younger sister under her care, clothed them, and sent them to a boarding-school. Jeanne, the elder, remained some years at school, then became apprentice to a milliner, then resided for a time in a convent. Her descent from the royal House of Valois was acknowledged, and a small pension granted to her by the crown; but all attempts to get back estates and revenues were fruitless. Grown up to be a handsome young woman, Jeanne married one M. de la Motte, in 1780. He was a young scapegrace who lived by his wits. The couple, assuming the titles of Count and Countess de la Motte, begged or borrowed money from all who would give or lend, especially worrying courtiers and influential persons by their importunities. Among those who paid attention to these representations was cardinal de Rohan.

Now we come back to the necklace. Bohmer and Bassenge were still the owners of it in 1784, as they had been for ten years; all attempts to get it off their hands had failed. The poor queen was beset by three tormentors at once; M. Bohmer to induce her to buy the necklace; the Countess de la Motte to induce her to take an interest in the Valois question; and de Rohan, who was at that time in disgrace at court, and wished to obtain an intercessor. She refused to see them, and out of this refusal grew a series of crafty designs of most extraordinary character. The countess persuaded De Rohan that she was in the habit of seeing the queen frequently, and had influence with her. The cardinal believed this, supplied her with money, and commissioned her to intercede for him with Marie Antoinette. At this point we come into a very atmosphere of lies. One admitted fact was, that the countess gave to de Rohan, from time to time, forged letters purporting to come from the queen, expressing the deep interest she felt in him and his affairs.

It was in January 1785 that the profligate countess laid a plan concerning the famous diamond necklace. She told De Rohan and the jewelers that the queen really wished to obtain the necklace, but was afraid to ask the king or his ministers for the money to pay for it; and she plied her artillery so skilfully as to induce the cardinal to purchase the costly jewel. He was to pay for it by bonds, to fall due at four successive periods; and the queen would (the countess asserted) provide means for these payments. The form of the bonds was drawn up by the cardinal himself; the penmanship was managed under the control of the countess; and the royal signature to each bond, which he believed to be the queen's, was forged by the countess's creature, de Villette. De Rohan expected that he would have the honor of handing over the necklace to the queen in person; but this was the last thing that the countess intended. She cajoled him by means of pretended messages and notes from the queen, to give the precious necklace to herself (the countess) to be by her handed over to the royal lady. Poor Marie Antoinette neither saw nor wrote to any of the persons concerned; she was utterly ignorant of this plot, as of the previous secret interview.

De Rohan and the jewelers were alike surprised that Her Majesty did not wear the diamond necklace, even on the grandest state occasions. The countess quieted their fears by this invented for the purpose; and at the same time persuaded them to avoid all public mention of the royal purchase of the jewel. When the first bond was coming due, in August, the countess told De Rohan that Her Majesty had pressing need for money, and wished him to make some arrangement for postponement. This made him uneasy; but the countess induced him to believe that she had actually seen the banknotes in the queen's hands. He little suspected that she had neither seen the queen's bank notes nor the queen herself. He made arrangements with the jewellers to delay the taking up the bond until October.

Meanwhile where was the necklace? The De la Mottes knew, if no one else did. Of course they would not have dared to offer so costly and celebrated a treasure for sale; instant exposure would have attended such a step. The count took it to pieces with his own hands, and cautiously sold many of the brilliants one by one—some in Paris, some in Amsterdam, some in London.

In August, however, the truth came out. Cardinal De Rohan was arrested, actually while in his sacerdotal robes in the chapel of Versailles; the Countess de la Motte was arrested three days afterwards; Mademoiselle Designy, and Cagliostro, the mysterious wizard of those days, were also captured; but the Count de la Motte eluded justice by escaping to England.

The parliament of Paris, which was rather a judicial tribunal than a legislative assembly, investigated the affair. In January 1786 the proceedings began. The perjury must have been something awful. The cardinal protested that his one object had been to regain the favor of his sovereign, through the kind intercession of the queen. The countess boldly denied everything that incriminated herself, declaring that she had been victimized by the cardinal, instead of making him her victim.

At the end of May, a verdict was given and sentences pronounced. The Countess de la Motte, with a halter round her neck, was to be flogged, branded on both shoulders with a hot iron, and imprisoned for life in the Salpetriere—a gaol for abandoned women; Cardinal de Rohan, Cagliostro, and Mademoiselle Designy were acquitted; while de Villette was banished for life.

Alas, poor Marie Antoinette! The Paris populace refused to believe her innocent of the diamond necklace affair. Three years later, when the Revolution of 1789 began, she was taunted and reproached with it; and when in 1793, her career was ended by the guillotine, the necklace was pointedly included in the catalogue of heinous crimes imputed to her.

This is the eventful story of the diamond Necklace. Very few persons now believe that the hapless queen had aught to do with it.

At the Quirinal New Year's reception, the Swiss Envoy kept the American Minister in company by wearing plain evening dress.

News Notes.

John B. Gough is ill, with bronchitis, in London.

Peter Cooper yesterday celebrated his 88th birthday.

The prospects of tea-culture in Georgia and South Carolina are brightening.

Visitors to the Rutland, Vt., House of Correction are charged ten cents admission.

Twenty-seven corpses were cremated in Milan last year, at a cost of about seventy-five cents each.

Isaac Brown, an octogenarian of Jefferson county, Alabama, has plowed the same field for sixty-two consecutive years.

The ice men in and about Boston have harvested the biggest and best crop for many years. Nearly a million tons have been stowed away.

Chokichi Kikkawa, a Japanese student, has just carried off three medals at the annual exhibition of the Chauncy Hall School, Boston.

Mexicans subdue fractious horses by having a hood so arranged as to be pulled down over the eyes of the horse as soon as he manifests uneasiness.

Mr. Whistler has received the farthing which the Court adjudged to him as damages in his suit with Mr. Ruskin, and he wears it proudly on his watch chain.

The Crown Prince Rudolph, of Austria, apologized lately to a couple of brothers of a lady to whom he had written an offensive letter, and so saved a thrashing.

The Hawaiian rice crop is sold almost entire to the United States, the Hawaiians buying for home use, a cheap paddy, or rice, from China, Japan and East Indies.

Captain Crapo and wife, the New Englanders who crossed the Atlantic last summer in a dory, expect to journey up the Mediterranean and through the Suez Canal next summer.

A bridal couple from Arkansas has made quite a sensation in Joplin, Missouri, the bride being just six feet high, and very slim, and the bridegroom six feet seven and almost as slender as his wife.

American pineapples are much liked in Russia, and would be much used if not so expensive. This latter is due to classing them for duty as preserves, although no sugar is used in their canning.

The sleigh in which Napoleon I traveled in Switzerland is still in existence. A yet more remarkable relic is the ship in which Charles II returned to England from Holland at the restoration in 1660.

A Norwalk husband discovered proof that a neighbor was in love with his wife, and agreed to keep the secret for $100; but the lover paid only $50, whereupon the husband divulged about half of the truth.

Julius Blum, the Austrian Jew whom the Khedive has raised to the rank of Pasha, and made Assistant Secretary of State, is said to be the first Israelite who has held so high a position in Egypt since Joseph's time.

A grand skating carnival took place in the Royal Rink at Ottawa, Tuesday night, at which His Excellency, the Governor-General, and the Princess Louise were present. About two hundred people in costume were on the ice.

A gentleman in Dayton, Ohio, who ten years ago became guardian of his granddaughter, and took charge of the estate of $20,000 left her by her father, has just surrendered it, increased to $40,000, upon her attaining her majority.

Matrimony and love making through the columns of newspapers are on the rise in Germany and Austria. Vienna and Berlin newspapers have agencies for such purposes, and the business, reported to be profitable, is carried out on a cash basis.

Some years ago the great West was almost entirely dependent upon the East for machinery and shop tools. To-day the West makes nearly everything required in the machine shop, from the engine and boiler to the twist drill and smallest bench tool.

It is said that Princess Beatrice, Queen Victoria's youngest child, will soon visit Berlin, and it is farther rumored that the trip is not entirely unconnected with a matrimonial scheme planned in her behalf by her eldest sister, the Crown Princess of Germany.

At the suggestion of Queen Victoria the names of the men who lost their lives during the storm in the Bay of Biscay in October, 1877, in their efforts to rescue the crew of the boat carrying Cleopatra's needle, are to be placed upon the pedestal supporting the obelisk.

William Tyler, an eccentric old sea-captain, who recently died at Guilford, Conn., had selected chestnut boards for his coffin and left instructions that there should be no carriages at his funeral, and that his remains should be carried to the grave in a grocery wagon.

A young John Chinaman at Phillips Academy in Andover finds his head in danger. John had been rather backward in his studies, so that the faculty considered it their duty to make the name known to the Chinese Government, at whose expense the young man is educated. This they did, and one may imagine the disgust that was manifested upon reading the reply, which was as follows: "Send him home and we will behead him." John will stay with the Malican man and keep his head.

The Most Beautiful and Fashionable Women,

use LAIRD'S BLOOM OF YOUTH, knowing by experience how marvellously brilliant and smooth it renders the complexion, what a chaste perfume it exhales, and how refreshing and cooling it is to the skin. Its entire freedom from everything likely to prove injurious, is another strong recommendation in its favor. It completely removes all blemishes upon the face, neck, and arms, causes wrinkles to disappear, and gives the faded cuticle an appearance of juvenile freshness.

A Maine woman inside of one year gave birth to two sets of twins, married off two of her grown-up daughters, and buried three others.

The cuirass worn in the German cuirassiers is a breastplate and back piece of white metal, and weighs no less than sixteen pounds

Consumption Cured.

An old physician, retired from practice, having had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure for Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma, and all Throat and Lung Affections, also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints, after having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, has felt it his duty to make it known to his suffering fellows. Actuated by this motive and a desire to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge to all who desire it, this recipe, with full directions for preparing and using, in German, French or English. Sent by mail by addressing with stamp, naming this paper, W. W. SHERAR, 149 Powers' Block, Rochester, N. Y.

A CARD.—To all who are suffering from the errors and indiscretions of youth, nervous weakness, early decay, loss of vitality, &c., I will send a recipe that will cure you, FREE OF CHARGE. This great remedy was discovered by a missionary in South America. Send a self-addressed envelope to the REV. JOSEPH T. INMAN, *Station D, Bible House, New York City.*

DR. C. W. BENSON'S Celery and Chamomile Pills are prepared expressly to cure Sick Headache, Nervous Headache, Dyspeptic Headache, Neuralgia, Nervousness and sleeplessness, and will cure any case. Price 50 cts.; postage free. Sold by all druggists. Office 106 N. Eutaw st., Baltimore, Md.

When our readers answer any Advertisement found in these columns they will confer a favor on the Publisher and the advertiser by naming the Saturday Evening Post.

NERVOUS DEBILITY

Vital Weakness and Prostration, from overwork or indiscretion, is radically and promptly cured by

HUMPHREYS' HOMEOPATHIC SPECIFIC No. 28.

Been in use 20 years, and is the most successful remedy known. Price $1 per vial, or 5 vials and large vial of powder for $5, sent post free on receipt of price.

Humphreys' Homeopathic Medicine Co.,
109 Fulton Street, New York.

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CHESTNUT ST.,
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IN HAIR.

Inventor of the celebrated GOSSAMER VENTILATING WIG and ELASTIC BAND TOUPEE.

Instructions to enable Ladies and Gentlemen to measure their own heads with accuracy:

For Wigs, Inches.	*Toupees and Scalps, Inches.*
No. 1. The round of the head.	No. 1. From forehead back as far as bald.
No. 2. From forehead over the head to neck	No. 2. Over forehead as far as required
No. 3. From ear to ear over the top.	No. 3. Over the crown of the head.
No. 4. From ear to ear, round the forehead	

He has always ready for sale a splendid Stock of Gents' Wigs, Toupees, Ladies' Wigs, Half Wigs, Frizettes, Braids, Curls, etc., beautifully manufactured, and as cheap as any establishment in the Union. Letters from any part of the world will receive attention.

Private rooms for Dyeing Ladies' and Gentleman's Hair.

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N. B.—Orders by Mail and Decorative Work promptly attended to, in person.

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FREE TO SUFFERERS AFFLICTED WITH Diseases of LUNGS, LIVER, HEART, NERVOUS DEBILITY, GENERAL PROSTRATION, etc. Address DR. EARL, 171 Hudson St., New York.

50 Perfumed Snowflake Chromo, Motto &c., cards no 2 alike, name in gold and jet 10 cents. G. A. SPRING & Co., E. Wallingford, Conn.

60 CHROMO and Perfumed cards, no 2 alike, name in Gold and Jet, 10c. CLINTON BROS, Clintonville, Conn.

40 Chromo, Motto, etc., CARDS, no 2 alike, name, 20c. Gift with each pack. K. B. MOODHOUS, Jamesboro, Ill.

1 PACK 32 French Transparent Cards, securely sealed, postpaid, 25c.; 2 packs 50c.; Coe & Co., Northford, Conn.

1 PACK 32 French Transparent Cards, securely sealed, postpaid, 25c., 2 packs 50c. Alling & Co., Hamden, Ct.

60 New Style Cards. Lilly, Chromo, Motto, Lace, Goldedge, &c. Name in gold, 10c. Star Co. Clintonville, Ct.

50 Snowflake, Chromo, etc., CARDS, name in Gold and Jet, 10c. U. S. Card Co. Northford, Conn.

50 Perfumed Chromo, Lily, Snowflake & Lace Cards, 10c. Name in gold. Ella Ray, E. Wallingford, Ct.

40 Motto, Chromo, etc. cards, name and fancy case 10 cts. E. D. Gilbert, P. M. Higganum, Conn.

NIGHT SCENES, 6 for 15c. Sent by mail sealed. GILBERT & CO., North Chatham, N. Y.

50 Cards, no 2 alike, Chromo &c., with name, 10c. GEO. I. REED & Co., Nassau, N. Y.

R. R. R.

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CURES THE WORST PAINS

In from One to Twenty Minutes.

NOT ONE HOUR

after reading this advertisement need any one SUFFER WITH PAIN.
RADWAY'S READY RELIEF IS A CURE FOR EVERY PAIN.
It was the first and is

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that instantly stops the most excruciating pains, allays Inflammations, and cures Congestions, whether of the Lungs, Stomach, Bowels, or other glands or organs, by one application.

IN FROM ONE TO TWENTY MINUTES,
no matter how violent or excruciating the pain the RHEUMATIC, Bed-ridden, Infirm, Crippled, Nervous, Neuralgic, or prostrated with disease may suffer.

FEVER AND AGUE,

FEVER AND AGUE cured for fifty cents. There is not a remedial agent in the world that will cure Fever and Ague, and all other malarious, Bilious, Scarlet, Typhoid, Yellow and other Fevers (aided by RADWAY'S PILLS) so quick as RADWAY'S READY RELIEF. 50 cents per bottle.

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Perfectly tasteless, elegantly coated, for the cure of all disorders of the stomach, liver, bowels, kidneys, bladder, nervous diseases, headache, constipation, indigestion, dyspepsia, biliousness, bilious fever, inflammation of the bowels, piles, and all derangements of the internal viscera. Warranted to effect a positive cure. Price 25 cents per box.

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THE GREAT BLOOD PURIFIER,

FOR THE CURE OF CHRONIC DISEASE, SCROFULA OR SYPHILITIC, HEREDITARY OR CONTAGIOUS,
BE IT SEATED IN THE
Lungs or Stomach, Skin or Bones, Flesh or Nerves, CORRUPTING THE SOLIDS AND VITIATING THE FLUIDS.

Chronic Rheumatism, Scrofula, Glandular Swelling, Hacking Dry Cough, Cancerous Affections, Syphilitic Complaints, Bleeding of the Lungs, Dyspepsia, Water Brash, Tic Doloreux, White Swellings, Tumors, Ulcers, Skin and Hip Diseases, Mercurial Diseases, Female Complaints, Gout, Dropsy, Salt Rheum, Bronchitis, Consumption,

Liver Complaint, Etc.

Kidney and Bladder Complaints,

Urinary and Womb Diseases, Gravel, Diabetes, Dropsy, Stoppage of Water, Incontinence of Urine, Bright's Disease, etc.

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Endorsed by the Medical Profession as the only **external** cure known to science.

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No disease is so widely prevalent as Dyspepsia, none is characterized by such a variety of harassing symptoms. Heartburn, Nausea, Acidity, Waterbrash, oppression at the pit of the stomach after meals, and a sinking sensation in that organ between them, colicky pains, nervousness inability to sleep, sick headache, palpitation of the heart and vertigo are the more prominent indications of the malady, but in addition to these it gives rise to a host of odd sensations, which are utterly indescribable.

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ABSOLUTELY PREVENT Fever and Ague and all diseases arising from a deranged condition of the Liver, Kidneys, Lungs, Stomach or Blood.

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Liver and Stomach Pads, $1.25, 1.50, 2.00; Kidney Pads, $3. Chest and Lung Pads, $1.50, 2.00, 3.00; Abdominal Pads, $3. Foot Pads from 50 Cents to $2.

Put up in neat boxes containing full directions, and sent by mail free of postage on receipt of price. For Pads or Circulars address

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We will send free by mail to any one desiring pleasant profitable employment, a beautiful Chromo and confidential circular of the American and European Chromo Company, showing how to make money. We have something entirely new, such as has never been offered to the public before. There is lots of money in it for agents. Address, enclosing a 3 cent stamp for return postage on chromo, F. GLEASON, 46 Summer St., Boston, Mass.

PINAFORE Every popular melody in the Opera arranged as an Instrumental Potpourri, complete in STODDART'S OPERA SERIES. "MUSICAL LIBRARY." Only 10c. By mail, 12c. Address J. M. Stoddart & Co., Pubs. 727 Chestnut St., Phila.

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A new mechanical toy which pleases the artistic eye, as well as that of childhood. Will spin from 10 to 20 minutes according to the force used in starting it. No limit to the number of its color changes; it is impossible to produce the same combination of colors twice. Made entirely of metal it cannot be broken, while its countless changes make it always a new toy, and a source of infinite amusement. Price 25 cents. By mail 35 cents. Liberal discount to the trade. Send 2 cent stamp for circular. Agents Wanted.

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JUDGE For Yourself By sending 25 cents with age, height color of eyes and hair, you will receive by return mail a correct picture of your future husband or wife with name and date of marriage. Address W. FOX, Box 201, Fultonville, N. Y.

Dr. Seymour, Graduate of Medicine and Pharmacy, Drug Store, N. W. cor. Thirteenth and Brown Sts., Phila., guarantees an absolute cure in Scrofula, Syphilitic and Urinary Diseases, in Catarrh, Piles, Nervous Debility and all Skin and Hair Troubles, Irregularities, Loss of Vitality, Female Complaints, etc. No clerks. Advice free.

Ladies' Department.

FASHION NOTES.

TASTE has improved with the development of true art in design, and the woman is now tested by far more rigid rules, so far as clothing is concerned, than formerly. There was a time when ordinary dress was so simple, and so little diversified, that no more thought was required in regard to it, than to decide on the suitable material and color for the purpose for which it was required. But now colors have been multiplied and these again broken up into an infinite number of hues and shades; instead of the few standard fabrics, we count them by the hundreds, half, at least, being only an imitation of the original by whose name it is called.

Instead of the straight skirt, and plain tight body, we have complete designs in never-ending supply clearly outlining the form, and depending on little details of style and finish, and minute differences of cut for the wide distinction between elegance and crudity.

A knowledge of all this minutiæ presupposes time and means sufficient to make oneself acquainted with the changes as they occur in every department of dress and fashion, and this to the majority is not possible. The actual work of life absorbs all the strength, and most of the hours, not spent in sleep, with the larger number, and their clothing becomes not a matter of selection, or the gratification of cultivated taste, but a concession of the law of necessity which compels the substitution of something new for the old, when the latter is worn out. What it shall be, depends upon what is thrust upon the attention at the moment the new clothing is needed, modified by the length of the purse, and the concessions which have to be made to the existing state of the wardrobe.

The most of the clothing of women is bought piece meal, and this is why it so often happens that one part of it seems to bear no relation to the other. It is for this reason, also, that it is of great importance to ladies of restricted incomes, that they should adopt a few principles or permanent ideas, in regard to the material of their dresses, at least, and stick to them. The dark colors, which have become fashionable of late years, and the long complete designs are a great advantage to all who do not wish to bestow much thought upon their dress. Given these two central ideas for a starting point, and the dress must be unobtrusive, and almost as certainly neat, and ladylike looking. Moreover, the difference of a few inches in the length of a skirt makes a sufficient difference between a plain walking, and more stylish indoor dress. Black or wine-colored cashmere is not the superlative fashion, but the wearer cannot help looking like a lady, particularly if it is plainly cut, and allowed to fall with natural and, therefore, artistic grace.

The peculiarity about the fashions of to-day is, that they may be made either very costly, or very economically. The fine soft woollen fabrics are no less desirable than the richest silk and satin. In fact, they are much more in demand by those who wish to realize pure art conceptions. The best dressing is not that which costs the most, but that which is most effective, and best suited to the age, means, and requirements of the wearer.

Fashions of the Louis XV. period carry all before them just at present, as regards the bodice, the jacket, and the basquine. So popular are they that dressmakers cut them out by the dozen, and they are so becoming that there is no need to wonder at the fact. The style admits of perfect plainness, equally with almost any amount of trimming, and this is another, and an important element of popularity. Sometimes the casaque is of velvet, and the vest, collar, and revers of satin, the buttons of fine worked steel. Over the casaque there is a jabot of muslin and fine Breton lace, a necessary accompaniment of the style of bodice.

These jabots are peculiarly becoming, but it must be remembered that starch is quite inadmissible in the "getting up" of them. This is an error so frequently made that it is quite necessary to point it out. Lace should be got up so as to look as nearly as possible as it did when new, and what could possibly be more antagonistic to this idea than the repulsive stiffness imparted to it by starch. A small quantity of sugar is all that is needed to give it a sufficient share of stiffness for maintaining its position.

A word as to the cut of the Louis XV. casaque. It is always longer in the middle of the front and back than elsewhere. Then is added, in the shape of a wide bias, a basque, which goes from the last pleat to the back side-piece. This basque fits into the bodice below the waist, after the latter has been tried on and fitted, so that the material may be stretched quite smoothly over the hips. Another important point to be noted is, that it is necessary to put lead into the edges of the waistcoat and in the middle of the back to keep these portions down in their places.

A pretty and new idea is that of a very long scarf of Indian muslin, which forms both headdress and fichu, with jabot. The middle gilded with Breton lace, is arranged in a a slight puff fastening at the top of the head with a small bunch of flowers. The muslin falls thence like a mantilla below the neck, surrounding the shoulders, the ends meeting in the middle of the bodice and forming a jabot. Here may be placed another bunch or flowers similar to that on the head. This should be a little to one side.

There are many different ways of wearing these small bouquets. Some place them in the middle of the bodice, some at the side of the neck, half hidden under a lace fichu, and others, again, utilize them as brooches to fasten the lace collar.

The present style of dressing the hair in Paris shows two extremes. One of these carries it up to the top of the head, leaving the back of it flat, as was the style seven years ago. The other style adopted by the elite for receptions at home, shows the hair laid flat against the back of the head and neck in what are called "Oriental braids" of many strands, which are held down by ornaments, some plain and others sparkling with jewels. One of the new styles of braiding is called the "Egyptian," and is as follows: You divide the hair as if for the Gretchen braid: you then take the three strands which compose that braid, and you twist each one as though you were making a tight curl. The three twisted strands are then plaited together, which makes a very glossy, elegant and firm braid, precisely like those seen in ancient Egyptian figures. This coiffure, however, requires a great deal of hair, and, when arranged, does not show the protusion required to advantage; indeed, its recommendation is said to be its compact yet elegant effect, and the fact that it can not be made rough by dancing, by the ornaments placed in it, nor by readjustment. These Egyptian braids, coiled round a comb ornamented with scarabei, have a beautiful antique effect, but the present whim demands that they shall be worn pendant.

An exquisitely beautiful braid clasp has two tiny birds, with spread wings, holding the chain of jewels in their beaks.

Fireside Chat.

HOW to Make Children's Toys.—"Be good children, and play nicely." "But we don't know what to play at; we have nothing to do." How often do these remarks pass between children and nurses!

The majority of children are good when they are interested and fully employed. Does not every mother know that when she gathers her children round her and tells them a story, or when nurse devotes herself exclusively to their amusement, there are no complaints made that Master Tommy gets into mischief and tears his clothes, or that Miss Bessie quarrels with her sister? Tommy stands with his mouth and eyes wide open, listening to the story with all the attention of which he is capable, and Bessie amiably gives up her comfortable seat that baby may sit near mother.

The difficulty is that mother cannot always be telling stories, for she and nurse also have numberless duties to attend to. Still, the little limbs are active, the little eyes are bright and searching, the minds are busy; and if the children can not be provided with legitimate materials on which to expend their energies, they will assuredly find illegitimate ones. Is it not worth while to take a little pains to keep them fully occupied, and without burdening them to accustom them to pass from one employment to another?

I do not think that children need to be provided with a large number of toys. The children who are the richest in toys are not necessarily the happiest. It is with them as with grown up people—what is easily obtained is lightly valued. It is pitiable to enter some nurseries, and to see the toys once beautiful in it necessary to go to any very great expense. Supposing a little girl has succeeded in herself manufacturing a rag doll; she will value it far more than a much superior one which has been bought at a shop; while nothing interests a boy more than the boat or the bow and arrow which he has made with his own deft little fingers.

Frobel, the founder of the Kinder garten system of education, believed that "play is the labor of the child." In his opinion, a child's employments and games should not only call his fingers into exercise, but should draw out its powers of observation, and reason and comparison, and memory. Certainly this is most desirable and excellent; but what are these interesting employments? It may prove useful to name or two of them. One of the simplest is stick-work. This is for quite young children. For this it is necessary to have a number of pieces of wood about the eighth of an inch thick and three inches long. These sticks may be bought in boxes ready for use, and at a cost of four pennies; or a bundle of firs spills may be obtained and cut up to the required sized. With these a child will amuse himself for a long time. The nurse should direct him either to make letters or to form figures.

For children of a more advanced age pea-work is very interesting. Sticks are necessary for this also, but they should be round instead of flat, and should be pointed at each end. They can be bought for a few cents rounded properly, and of a good length, but they will need to be broken into short pieces of a suitable size, and to be pointed at the ends. The day before they are to be used, about a pint of dried peas should be procured, and these should be soaked in plenty of cold water to soften them. They should then be dried with a soft cloth, otherwise they will spoil the point of the sticks; then they are ready for use. It is astonishing what a number of pretty figures can be made with these inexpensive materials by a child with a little ingenuity; and the way to develop ingenuity in a child is to make demand upon its exercise. The most expensive box of bricks that could be purchased would scarcely yield more enjoyment. The peas are to be put on the ends of the sticks, and can be used for making all kinds of architectural wonders, as well as the most simple shapes. To take a very common example; supposing it is wished to make a chair; take a number of large peas and a few sticks, all of uniform size. With four of each of these form a square with a pea at each corner, the ends of two sticks being pushed into each pea. The square when finished must be both firm and straight. Take four more sticks and put them in the peas at the corners to form the legs. A pea at the end of each of these will make the chair stand better. Push two more sticks into two of the peas, and upon this form the back. This will give an idea how to form a very plain chair, which may be improved and ornamented indefinitely. Carriages, houses, churches, trains and a large variety of figures may be made with these peas, according to the skill and ingenuity of the builder. The wheels of carriages may be made by pushing eight sticks into one large pea to form a circle, then making the outer circle of the wheel with sticks pushed into each pair of peas.

I am old-fashioned enough to think that children—both boys and girls—should be taught to sew. If they begin by making pretty things—not hum drum useful things—they will soon get to be fond of the work. Many a man who has travelled far away from mother and sisters has felt the desirability of knowing how to sew on a button, or to put the necessary stitch in linen; while girls, of course, ought to be taught needlework, and the sooner they begin the more likely they are to become proficient in the art. Wool-work always delights children, especially if affection gives them a motive for working. How delighted a little girl is to make a pair of slippers for her father. It is difficult to say which is the more pleased, the giver or the receiver. Very pretty balls can be made with wool; so soft that they will give rise to no anxiety about the ornaments or the windows. They are made as follows: Take two round pieces of cardboard and cut a hole in the centre of each the size of half-a crown. Wind wool through these holes round and round the cardboard till it is completely covered and the hole is filled up. Pass some string through the hole and tie it tightly in several places; then cut through the wool between the cards, and gradually, little by little, draw the cardboard away. Trim the edges of the wool evenly to make the ball smooth and neat, and it is ready for use. Wools of different colors should be used; and any little odds and-ends of wool may be tied together, and used instead of fresh wool.

Endless enjoyment may be had from cutting papers. When a little girl is old and steady enough to be entrusted with a pair of scissors, she may furnish her doll's house not only with chairs and tables, but with paper inhabitants of various sizes. The only necessaries are a pair of sharp sciasors and a little stiff paper; writing-paper or brown paper is the best. It is a little difficult to give clear verbal instructions for this kind of thing, and more might be learned by once seeing it done than by reading the clearest description of it. One thing should be remembered, and that is, that if an object is intended to stand upright, a piece of the paper about an inch wide should be folded back on the side which is to be at the bottom, and when the object is cut out, this can be turned straight out to be level with the table, and so support the figure. Some things do not need this support; a chair, for instance. To make it, take a piece of stiff paper about two inches long and one inch wide. Divide this into three across the breadth, and mark the divisions closely with the thumb-nail. Cut a strip about the sixth of the width at each side of the two outer third portions to make the legs of the chair. Turn these strips down till they are perpendicular with the middle portion. Cut away the paper between the two front legs, and ornament the back of the chair as fancy dictates. Tables and stools may be made on the same principle. To make animals, double the paper, and cut out the shape of the animal. Be careful to make its legs square at the bottom, then open it a very little, and it will stand on its four legs. To facilitate operations, the outline of the figure may be drawn before it is cut, and it may afterwards be improved by a few touches with pen or pencil. For human figures, the paper should be doubled, and the figures drawn in profile, and made to stand by being provided with good-sized feet. To make a house, take a piece of paper, turn back a piece at the bottom for it to stand on, then fold it in four lengthwise, and press thereon the divisions plainly. Turn back the two ends a little to make the sides of the house. Cut out the shape of the house, with roof and chimneys, then make the windows and door, being careful not to cut off the paper in forming these—in the case of the windows it can be folded back to form shutters.

A few beads, with a needle and thread, will keep little children interested for a long time. They can make elaborate rings with a jewel of beads in the centre, chains, &c. I have seen recent bags of beads made by quite little children, which were exceedingly pretty.

Drawing, too, is an occupation which children almost always enjoy. If possible, each one should have a slate and pencil, with a sponge tied to it to rub the slate clean. If the mother or nurse is able to direct the efforts of the children, so much the better.

Very pretty water-lilies may be made out of oranges as follows:—Take a sharp knife, and cut the skin of the oranges into sections, beginning at the top. Be careful not to pierce the fruit itself, and also to leave a small circle about a quarter of an inch in diameter at the stalk end of the orange untouched. Loosen these portions of skin from the orange so as not break them, roll each one, and leave it rolled at the bottom of the orange. Divide the orange itself into sections, and do not separate them, but leave them joined near the bottom. Take the rolls of skin and place the tip of each one on the top of the orange, which which will then assume an appearance somewhat resembling that of a half-opened water-lily. A dish of oranges prepared in this way has a very pretty effect.

Of course, it is evident that arranging for these little employments for the children involves a certain amount of trouble to the elders; but is it not worth while? By such means children may be kept happy and contented instead of being mischievous and cross. They may acquire habits of industry and observation which they will retain through life. They may exhibit powers, the possession of which without these means would have been unsuspected. In short, the amusement of the child may be made a part of his education, and that not only without trouble, but with a great deal of pleasure to himself.

I don't believe many of your readers know about the recipe I send, so I hope you will publish it:

Rubble and Squeak.—Cut from a piece of boiled beef slices the thickness of a penny piece, trim and cut them into any shape, parts underdone being the best; boil one large cabbage, one carrot, one onion, in salted water; when cooked, drain and mince them together very fine, removing any hard parts of the cabbage. Put into a sauce pan a piece of butter the size of an egg; when melted put in the beef to warm, taking care it does not dry; this done, remove the meat and put in the vegetables; stir on the fire until they are very hot, moisten with a little good stock, add salt and pepper, and a little grated nutmeg; place them in the centre of the dish, put the slices of beef all round, pour over a little stock, and serve.—Good Cook.

I think you will find this recipe for cooking mutton a very good one, and worthy of publishing:

Braised Leg of Mutton.—Take a small leg of mutton, trim it close of all superfluous fat; saw the shank bone short off, make an incision where it joins the other bone, bend it in, and tie up the leg with string. Line the bottom of a braising pan, just large enough to hold all the ingredients, with slices of fat bacon; place the leg on this, add two onions stuck with half a dozen cloves, three carrots cut in pieces, a bundle of sweet herbs, whole pepper and salt to taste; pack all these things round the leg, put a couple of slices of bacon on the top of all, and set the pan with the lid on the fire for about fifteen minutes. Be careful it does not catch, pour in enough cold common stock or water to cover over the contents, put a piece of buttered paper on the top, then the lid, and, having placed some hot embers on that, set the whole to braise on a gentle fire for about three and a half hours. Strain off a small portion of the liquor, free it from fat, reduce it on the fire not quite to a glaze, place the leg in the dish, pour the reduced liquor over it, and round it a stiff puree of dried haricot beans.—Old Subscriber.

Answers to Inquirers.

A. O. G. (West Chester, Pa.)—Yes, the Permanent Exhibition, Philadelphia, is open on Sunday.

SCHOOL BOY, (Chinpbell, Ky.)—Certified check is a check stamped "good" by the bank on which it is drawn.

READER, (Fairfax, Va.)—Oliver Goldsmith, the celebrated English poet and historian, died in 1774, aged 43.

WAGER, (Modoc, Cal.)—"The child of American parentage, no matter where the child may be born is American."

ENNIE, (Hardin, Iowa.)—There is no such work. We have no knowledge whatever of the process you inquire about.

E. C. (Erie, Pa.)—"Music has charms to soothe the savage breast" is a quotation from Congreve's tragedy, "The Mourning Bride."

POLLY, (Tunica, Miss.)—There is no rule whatever as to the age at which persons should be engaged, nor the length of the engagement.

BLANK, (Rocky Ridge, Md.)—If A is considered as getting the shoes for nothing in the first place he makes $1.50 by the various transactions.

I. R. M. (Philadelphia, Pa.)—About the best self-instructor in the art of penmanship is "Gaskell's Compendium" published by Prof. Gaskell, Manchester, N. H.

A. L. D. (Montreal, Can.)—"Writer" in Scotland is a term of nearly the same meaning as "attorney" in America, and is generally applied there to all legal practitioners who do not belong to the Bar.

T. C. B. (McKeesport, Pa.)—General Jackson fought two duels—one with a Mr. Dickinson, and the other with Mr. Jesse Benton, brother of the famous Senator Benton. It is probably to the second you refer.

EDITH IRENE, (Easton, Pa.)—We have never heard the work spoken of. By addressing Lippincott & Co., Claxton, Remsen & Co., or any of the leading publishers in this city you will ascertain all that is necessary.

K. L. S. (Montgomery, N. Y.)—The second husband is not bound to pay the debts of the husband beyond the amount of property he left, which, of course, with the exception of the widow's dower belongs to his creditors.

FLOYER, (Aiken, S. C.)—When a gentleman returns home after a long absence, he should then, as at all other times, show the lady to whom he is betrothed more attention than he bestows upon any other member of the sex.

MURIEL, (Washington, Ind.)—Your writing is very fair, but we are quite shocked at the idea of your thinking of young men at your age. Ask us the same question, if you like, two years hence, and we will do our best to advise you correctly.

DOUGLASS, (Oconee, S. C.)—You should wait until the time comes when her parents are willing to accept you as her suitor. If she is fond of you the delay will not work against you. Perhaps, however, you would be wise to ask her opinion rather than ours.

FIFTH AVENUE, (Wadesboro, N. C.)—1. We know nothing as to the character of the person you mention. 2. The company is a reliable one, and what they offer is creditable. 3. It is against our rules to publish the names of such business firms as you inquire about in this column.

STUDENT, (Santiac, Mich.)—The average of human life is about 33 years. This statement is based on the fact that one-quarter die previous to the age of seven years, one-half before reaching seventeen, and those who pass this age enjoy a felicity refused to one-half the human race.

A. N. M. (Camden, N. J.)—We have no means of knowing the time of the sailing of the vessel you mention. If you know the company or firm by which she is owned or chartered here or elsewhere, they would no doubt willingly give you the desired information.

CIRCUIT, (Philadelphia, Pa.)—The following list includes the names of the American horses that have trotted in the best time: Rarus, 2.13¼; Goldsmith Maid, 2.14; Hopeful, 2.14¾; Lulu, 2.15; Smuggler, 2.15¾; Lucille Golddust, 2.16¼; American Girl 2.16¾; Occident, 2.16¾.

CONSTANT, (Hancock, Tenn.)—He probably loves you just as well as ever; but how can you expect him to come back to you if you won't even speak to him? Though you were in the wrong, surely your pride ought to allow you to do that little, and if it won't, you ought to go without him.

G. S. AMON, (Fulton, Ind.)—As the young lady hesitates to marry you because she fears that after the indissoluble knot has been tied she may see some one whom she would like better, it is pretty plain that she does not now care much for you; and it would be discreet in you to let matters take their course.

WAINER, (Washington, D. C.)—Morocco leather is made from goat-skins, tanned in sumach, dyed in the ordinary way, having been previously immersed in a solution of sulphuric acid; and the grain or stamping upon it is done either by hand or by machinery, similar to that for the purpose of dicing or graining.

SARAH, (Dallas, Ark.)—Since the young gentleman bears so high a character and you love him so sincerely, by all means wait for him and reject your other suitors. But really you must be a fortunate young lady to have "numerous suitors!" Not more than one out of ten thousand can make a similar boast with truth now-a-days.

OLD SUBSCRIBER, (Queenstown, Md.)—The condition of affairs you say exists where you are, is even worse in the cities. We would advise you at present to have no thought of changing. The only method we can suggest is for you to watch the advertising columns of the leading papers until you see what you want, or are able to do, and then make application for it.

ENGLISH, (Harrison, Mo.)—Salt was sacred with the ancients to the Penates or household gods. To spill it carelessly was to invite their indignation, and to throw it over the left shoulder—the shoulder of evil omen, that is—of the person spilling it, was to call away from the guests towards whom the salt was spilled and turn upon the spiller the wrath of these deities.

SUFFERER, (Morrow, O.)—The following is said to be good for sore throat: One ounce of camphorated oil and five cents' worth of chlorate of potash. Whenever any soreness appears in the throat, put the potash in a half tumbler of water, and with it gargle the throat thoroughly; then give the neck a good rubbing with the camphorated oil at night before going to bed, and also pin around the throat a strip of woolen flannel.

J. H. (Harrisburg, Pa.)—A gentleman cannot with propriety introduce himself to a lady; and no lady who entertains any respect for herself would allow a gentleman thus to form her acquaintance. A young gentleman may fancy that a young lady whom he is often accustomed to meet, at church, out walking, or elsewhere, would be pleased if he could manage to become acquainted with her, but he must ask the aid of some mutual friend.

JOHNLOT, (Philadelphia, Pa.)—Since your condition is the result of improper exercises you should immediately consult a good physician, who will advise you as to what is best. At your time of life delay in such matters is very dangerous. We say the same thing with regard to your subsequent questions. Altogether you seem to be a fit subject for medical care and no considerations ought to prevent your immediately seeking it. As the matter stands we would not be justified in even giving you a recipe to remove freckles.

VOYAGER, (Alachua, Fla.)—It is well known that an exclusive diet of salt provisions induces scurvy, and that at sea or on expeditions where only such provisions can be carried over long periods of time their injurious effects are prevented by drinking lime-juice. But the suggestion has recently been advanced that phosphate of potash is a much better preventive of the malady, and at the same time that salt increases the nutritiveness of salted meat, so that in all cases where such meat is consumed the phosphate should be used as a condiment, the same as chloride of sodium is now employed.

WILDMAN, (Phœnixville, Pa.)—Mildew can be brushed out, but its effects can never be removed, as it is a fungoid growth which lives on the fibre, and thereby destroys it. Anything once mildewed is permanently injured. Exposure to dilute carbolic acid, or to the fumes of burning sulphur, will prevent its spread. Iron mould can also be removed by means of acids. Oxalic acid in solution is about the best, though dilute sulphate or hydrochloric acid would answer if the goods were afterwards washed and then dipped in a weak solution of common washing soda, washed again and dried.